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IN A PUBLIC DISPENSARY—TREATING PATIENTS OF LA GRIPPE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

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CHICAGO—THE MAIN EXHIBIT.—By JULIAN RALPH. Showing that city as it will appear to visitors to the Columbian Exposition.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.—Part I. By POULTNEY BIGELOW. With Twenty-one Illustrations from Drawings by ALFRED PARSONS and F. D. MILLET.

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FIN DE SIÈCLE.—A Story. By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE STONE WOMAN OF EASTERN POINT.—A Poem. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

AN INTRODUCTION.—Full-page Illustration. By GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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MR. CLEVELAND'S POSITION.

IT is perhaps hardly fair to regret what an after-dinner orator does not say, when he says much to the purpose. But the recent speech of Mr. CLEVELAND'S, to which we refer elsewhere, implies that he holds the question of tariff reform to be the only one of commanding importance before the country. At least he would apparently subordinate to it all other questions. But there is much to be said against such an exclusive view. As we say in another column, there is certainly the question of silver, upon which, indeed, as upon tariff reform, Mr. CLEVELAND has already unmistakably declared himself. It would be impossible for him to take the Democratic nomination upon a platform which should combine free silver with tariff reform. But the real evil with which we are now dealing in this country is corruption—political corruption. The radical mischief of a protective tariff, as of all class legislation, is its necessary breeding of such corruption. It produces national demoralization. Freedom of trade, like all other freedom, is natural and healthful. But its restriction at once introduces a demoralizing conflict of individual interests. The great argument for the tariff reform which, as GARFIELD said, ultimates in free trade is its justice. And it is not only just in itself, but it destroys the motive for general corruption.

The same argument of honesty applies to the currency. A debased currency is a dishonest currency. JACKSON said truly, in his eighth message, "A depreciation of the currency is always attended by a loss to the laboring classes. This portion of the community have neither time nor opportunity to watch the ebbs and flows of the money market." A depreciated dollar loses by so much as it depreciates its purchasing power. The prominent issues of the time—tariff reform, an honest currency, civil service reform—are all measures to arrest corruption. And as there is no more prolific source of corruption than the vast system of prostitution of the patronage of the government, the overthrow of the spoils system is an essential part of the combined reform which ought to be the real contest of this Presidential year. We should have gladly seen this fact recognized by Mr. CLEVELAND in his speech. But it was hardly to be expected from a Democrat speaking to arouse the party spirit of his fellow-partisans.

We doubt whether the most ardent Republican would deny, although of course as a protectionist he would not support Mr. CLEVELAND, that of all public men in the country, the ex-President best represents the sentiment which demands alike tariff reform, honest currency, and civil service reform, although the Republican would insist, and rightly, that eminent Republicans are as true friends of an honest currency and a reformed civil service as Mr. CLEVELAND. If Mr. CLEVELAND'S prospects of the nomination have been recently somewhat obscured, it is by the fact that his party has shown a growing if not a decided comparative indifference to tariff reform, and a favorable disposition to an unsound currency, while, as a party, it is totally hostile to civil service reform. It is unquestionable that those who are not Democrats, but who had regarded the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND by his united party as the best possible solution of a difficult situation, feel that the situation is as yet by no means clear. The complete ascendency of Senator HILL in the Democratic party in New York, the combination of forces that elected Mr. CRISP as Speaker, the positive silver tendencies of the party as shown in the State conventions of the autumn, the re-established influence of Tammany Hall, and the frank declaration of leading Democratic politicians against Mr. CLEVELAND—all foretell a sharp and doubtful struggle for the Democratic nomination, from which, should Mr. CLEVELAND emerge successful, his success might be susceptible of various interpretations.

THE COURTS AND ELECTIONS.

THE present Legislature of New York will have to deal with a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State, providing that the courts instead of the Legislature shall pass upon the qualifications and elections of members of the Legislature. This is a change which is in strict harmony with the improvement in political methods that experience constantly dictates. It is an improvement which has been tested satisfactorily in England, and against which no stronger argument than that of tradition has been urged in this country. It is odd, also, as we have mentioned before, that the most urgent argument for it was made in a special message of Governor HILL, which was said to be written by Mr. COLLIN, one of the present commissioners of statutory revision. It recited the course of the reform in England, where the argument of precedent is much stronger than with us, and showed conclusively the wisdom of its adoption by us.

The argument is greatly strengthened by the recent contest in New York. The mere knowledge that the courts had been invoked was reassuring, and the decisions of the Court of Appeals were satisfactory, as no legislative decision could have been. That the State Board of Canvassers defied the ruling of the Court was a crime against the people which, in the case of every member of the board, will be kept fresh in the public mind. There is no doubt that the general sentiment of the State approves the proposed amendment, and would gladly ratify it at the polls when the Legislature shall submit it. The necessity for such an appeal to secure justice and the will of the majority is a curious illustration of the proved inability of a party majority to escape mere party thraldom, and to decide equitably against the party interest. There is a perpetual pæan of party government; but party needs restraint as much as a king, and can no more be trusted than a royal STUART. The value of popular government is tested most surely by its ability to restrain party, for that is proof of the power of the people to govern themselves. THADDEUS STEVENS, as intense a partisan as ever sat in Congress, frankly acknowledged the mere brutal despotism of a party majority when, in a disputed election case, without regard to the facts or equity, he asked, "Which is *our* d——d rascal?"

It is true that judges are appointed or elected by party influence; but it is happily no less true that in general, and notwithstanding BARNARD and CARDOZO and MCCUNN, our judges substantially abandon party when they seat themselves on the bench, and the fame of a just judge is more precious to them than party advantage by their action. The adoption of the pending amendment will be a signal measure of wise reform.

AN INEVITABLE QUESTION.

MR. CLEVELAND'S speech illustrated strongly the division of tendency in the Democratic councils, and showed again the peculiar political situation, which, from a party point of view, is a wholly false one. The speech followed immediately the remarkable reception of Senator HILL in Washington, and certain passages in it might be easily applied to the Senator, and the course which he has indicated as the wise one for his party to pursue. Mr. CLEVELAND'S address was an earnest party warning and appeal. He spoke of the pledges which the party had given to the people, and warned it against breaking faith. But how break faith? Is not a party a body of citizens who think alike and agree upon a certain policy? But every one of them may change his mind. The moment that any one of them does so, he is so far no longer a member of the party, unless a majority have changed. If, for instance, he be a tariff reformer, but not a friend of free silver, he cannot belong to a party which favors both, because in supporting such a party he cannot promote tariff reform, which he favors, without also supporting free silver, to which he is opposed.

This is made still more evident by the interview with Mr. MILLS in Texas. Mr. MILLS says that, for reasons satisfactory to him, he has spoken and voted for free silver coinage, and should a bill to that effect be introduced in this Congress, he should vote for it again. But he thinks that if the party should make it a part of the national platform, the result would be disastrous. That the party ought to confine itself at present to the reform of the tariff is his opinion, as it is that of Mr. CLEVELAND. But while there are certain questions which, even in the British cabinet, may be held as open, they are minor questions. In this country a Democrat or a Republican may hold what views he will of one-cent postage, or prohibition, or woman suffrage, because, however essentially important these questions may be, they are not felt to be of such immediate necessity as to occupy the public mind and press for legislation. The silver coinage, however, is such a question, and therefore there must be party agreement upon it, or a man votes in the dark. When the leaders of a party differ radically and vehemently upon a question of vital and immediate importance, the fact that they agree upon another question does not change the fact that a vote for the party is a vote for what the voter strongly opposes, but what a probable majority of the party approves.

There was a great deal of fun last autumn over the invitation of a Republican newspaper in Massachusetts, which invited Republican leaders to state what they thought should be the party issues at the election. There could be no droller spectacle than a party advertising for issues, like bids. But that is practically the spectacle which the Democratic party offers. Shall it demand free silver coinage or not? Shall it propose tariff reform as the great or sole issue, or combine the two? Mr. CLEVELAND urges tariff reform as the issue to which the party is pledged. Mr. MILLS says that he is for tariff reform, and for free silver too, but the party should hold its tongue upon it. Mr. CARLISLE says that the silver issue would be untimely. Mr. GORMAN and Mr. HILL are for what Mr. CLEVELAND thinks would be bad faith. All argue for what they think ought to be made the issue. But an issue makes itself. The silver question is an issue, because of a powerful public sentiment in favor of free coinage. The voters cannot, like children, play that there is no silver issue. The first debate of the session in the Senate is upon that question. The two chief Democrats in New York make its adoption by the party the subject of their speeches, taking different views. Other Democratic leaders are interviewed upon it. It is a leading public question, as every question vitally affecting the currency must be. Both parties must declare themselves upon it a few months hence; and even should they both shuffle and evade the question, its prospects and probabilities will determine a multitude of votes next November.

NOW FOR THE FAIR!

THE committee of the dry-goods merchants of New York have issued a strong appeal for a prompt and ample provision for the participation of New York in the "World's Columbian Exposition" at Chicago next year. This appeal has peculiar meaning, because no body of citizens in the State has better means of knowing the feeling of "the West" toward New York. The dry-goods men understand the expediency of maintaining good relations with the Western trade. The committee have addressed a petition to the Legislature, urging prompt and favorable consideration of the pending bill to appropriate a suitable sum for the collection, arrangement, and display of the products of the State at the fair. The Chamber of Commerce and certain labor organizations in the State have asked that the appropriation shall be at least one million of dollars. But the appropriation of $500,000 which was first named in the bill has been reduced to $300,000 in the bill as reported. This is not excessive, and will seem, probably, rather a small sum for New York. But the whole business has become hopelessly involved in politics. The proposed sum of a million dollars was said at once to be a trick to swell the appropriations, and furnish a cry of extravagance against a Democratic Legislature. When legislation is determined by such considerations, appeals to germane reasons seem to be useless. If New York is to be represented at the fair, and is to give pecuniary aid, the amount should be determined by skilled estimates, not by views of party advantage.

The contest for the fair, which seems at this distance one of the most ludicrous incidents of the kind in our civic annals, and quite worthy of the enlivening description of Diedrich Knickerbocker, may yet leave the seeds of mischief. There is no willing acquiescence of the rest of the country in the complacent assumption of metropolitan airs by the city of New York. Its size, of course, is not denied; but

there is no doubt that Chicago will provide imposing and picturesque and adequate accommodations for the fair, and make it a spectacle which New York could not have surpassed. Moreover, the enterprise is obviously proceeding at a pace which asks nothing of New York, but compels it to wonder whether it may not be "left." The rest of the country is aroused and active, and the indifference of New York would accuse its public spirit and its patriotism.

The dry-goods petition says truly:

"A community like our own, possessing vast and varied interests, agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, transportation, and financial, involving the prosperity of all our citizens, and ramifying throughout the entire country, should under no circumstances fail of having its fitting and adequate share in this great national undertaking. The capital and skill involved are too vast to be permitted to suffer, even in the slightest degree, from ill-judged parsimony or neglect to appreciate the phenomenal opportunity now afforded. In any event, private enterprise would doubtless secure some representation of New York's great productive and manufacturing capacities at the Columbian Exhibition. The limitations upon private enterprise in such an important matter are, however, very obvious, as compared with the benefits which would arise from the official action of the State in making the appropriation provided for in the before-mentioned bill."

As the petition says, every separate interest in the State is greatly interested, and none more than the skilled laborers. The press unanimously approves the hearty and liberal co-operation of the State. The enterprise has gone so far as to involve the credit of the country; and nothing of the kind could be more humiliating to American self-esteem than the fact—which, if it were a fact, would be universally conspicuous—that after other countries, England and Austria and France, had tried the splendid experiment of a World's Fair and succeeded, the United States, with all the benefit of the experience of other countries, tried and failed.

DEMOCRATIC EXCISE POLICY.

The complete possession of the State government by the Democratic party offers an opportunity of showing the Democratic excise policy. Among the reasons for opposing Democratic or Tammany success in the autumn was the fact that one of the chief bulwarks of Tammany is the powerful organized liquor interest, and that a Tammany triumph meant among its evil meanings an excise law agreeable to the saloon. This result was much more certain than any benefit to tariff reform, and accordingly we are now confronted or to be confronted with the excise policy of the saloons.

The Schaff bill of last year was a saloon bill, but it was suppressed by public sentiment, although Mr. Sheehan, then Speaker of the Assembly, now Lieutenant-Governor, dealt very summarily with an expression of that sentiment in the form of a petition largely signed by Roman Catholic clergy. The bill was tinkered by Governor Hill, and received every Democratic vote but one in the Assembly, and was opposed by every Republican vote but one. It left the saloons open from Sunday at 1 P.M. until Monday at 1 A.M., and provided excise commissioners of equal terms with the Mayor, and practically gave a license to anybody that wanted it.

The demands of the saloon have not changed, and there is no reason to doubt that they will now be gratified. If a party view of the subject must be taken, there is no doubt that there are plenty of Republican tricksters upon this question, but it is none the less true that if reasonable license laws or temperance legislation be desired, it will not be obtained in New York from a Democratic Legislature.

FEE, FAW, FUM!

The President's message with the Chilian correspondence may be sent to Congress before this paper is issued. The delay of advices from Chili seems to be long, and meanwhile our authorities are conducting an *ex parte* investigation into the facts of the assault upon the American sailors in Valparaiso, the subject upon which the government is awaiting explanations from Chili. The situation is simple. The Chilian courts are inquiring into the circumstances, and the President still awaits the result. But he cannot wait unreasonably. In the New Orleans case last year Italy might justly have regarded an undue delay as indicative of a disposition to avoid explanations.

Moreover, in the New Orleans case, unlike that at Valparaiso, our government at once expressed its profound regret for the incident, and while pointing out that under our political system there was no summary method of procedure, showed a perfectly friendly disposition. The Chilian business is wrapped in mystery, but, so far as is known, since the President's message was published, no explanation or expression of regret has been received from Chili. It was on the 9th of December that the President regretted that the reply to our complaint by Chili was offensive, but he said that it was expected the pending investigation would be soon closed, and that some adequate and satisfactory response would be made.

What precisely has occurred during the weeks since the President communicated with Congress is not publicly known as we write. Mr. Smalley says, in the *Tribune*, from London, that English trade interests are stimulating Chili to go up to the very line of trouble without overstepping it. He represents Chili as the stalking-horse of England. But the conduct of Chili must be judged by us according to the recognized comity of nations. With her motives, indeed, we are not concerned, but we are bound to consider the peculiar circumstances of the situation, and to treat Chili precisely as we should treat England or any power of the first class. To foment war feeling is criminal. We are already not without fault in the matter. So far as appears, our conduct in sending and retaining Egan as our Minister was needlessly irritating, and the stronger we are the less like a bully need we behave.

THE RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS ON THE HASTINGS CATASTROPHE.

The Railroad Commissioners have made their report upon the late catastrophe at Hastings, and the general impression produced by it is that they think the company guilty, but prefer not to say so. They find the immediate cause was the failure of Herrick to signal the St. Louis express, and they blame Ossman, the train-despatcher, Station-Master Williams, Station-Agent Delanoy, and Murphy, engineer of the freight train, for various neglect of duty. They find further that the Central Railroad's "open road system of operating" does not secure the highest attainable degree of safety; in other words, that either from ignorance, or inefficiency, or some other cause, the management of the road is so far from what it should be, that the public safety is imperilled.

The commissioners say, expressly, "The recent collisions on the railroad, and particularly the one under consideration, demonstrate that the general system was not sufficient to secure the safe running of trains." This is definite and conclusive. Had the general system been adequate for the general safety of passengers, the catastrophe would not have occurred. The commissioners state also that the company had been considering the block system since 1889. Meanwhile and before, other great roads had adopted it.

The report of the commissioners adds nothing to the general knowledge of the event, and confirms the conviction produced by the newspaper accounts and the coroner's investigation, that the terrible calamity should have been prevented. The studied mildness of the tone of the report gives greater weight to its conclusions.

CARDINAL MANNING.

On the same day with the young Duke of Clarence died Cardinal Manning. With Cardinal Newman, he was the most prominent figure among English Catholics, and the ancient Church could have had no more admirable representatives—one of her piety, and the other of her executive power. Such men are of inestimable service, because their character and life commend to respect and sympathy the faith which they symbolize to the popular imagination.

It was a good fortune for the Roman Church in this country that its first representative in New England was Bishop Cheverus, who was consecrated first Catholic Bishop of Boston eighty years ago. His sweet and urbane nature and gentle manners, with his sagacity and goodness, made him the friend of Dr. Channing, the representative of extreme dissent. The good Bishop was no less a good citizen, preaching also in many Protestant pulpits, and showing by his whole career that a Catholic might be all that the Puritan imagination supposed him not to be.

The three English Cardinals, Wiseman, Manning, and Newman, have doubtless "reconciled" English feeling with the Roman See. They have all been distinguished for careers which did not inflame or embitter religious antipathy. Wiseman and Manning especially were active citizens, who were evidently as loyal as their brethren. Both Manning and Newman had something of the ascetic in their temperament, and well illustrated the self-denial which was the theme of their pious exhortations. Cardinal Manning will be sincerely mourned, and the Vatican will be fortunate if it continues to be served in England by such ecclesiastics of the highest rank.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

The death of the Duke of Clarence, following so immediately his happy betrothal, produces a tenderness of feeling for the young man dead which living he had not inspired. In England royalty is so wholly a ceremony that its personality is almost pathetic. And last year the scandal of the baccarat was largely forgiven to the Prince of Wales because the natural interests and activities of a presumptive English chief of state are forbidden to him, and the head of the political system must take no responsible part in politics.

There is, however, an unavoidable interest in the heir to the British crown, were it only that a great and powerful people receive him, whatever personally he may be, as the representative of its supreme authority. The power and influence of such a tradition cannot easily be understood by another people, even although largely of the same race and history, but who do not share the monarchical tradition. Yet to no other people is the spectacle so strange as the acceptance of the most incompetent of men as a hereditary and life-long chief.

The young Prince whose death has arrested the attention of the civilized world was little known, and that little knowledge was not prepossessing. His death does not affect the succession of the crown, except that it descends to his younger brother George—a change which will not be unwelcome, probably, to the English people. But with the Duke's death the young Princess of Teck's brief vision of queenly state vanishes. She had scarcely heard the "Hail, Queen that shall be!" when even the faint semblance of a crown disappears. It will be a touching allusion which the story of the time makes to her, such as that of Thackeray in his lecture on George Third to Lady Sarah Lennox.

PERSONAL.

Almost a lifetime has passed since the Alamo was fought, and the survivors of that historic battle have grown fewer in number even than the Revolutionary widows. One of these veterans who still linger on the stage is William C. Murphy, of Philadelphia, a fairly vigorous old man of eighty-two. He says that he was one of the guards who took charge of Santa Anna after the fight at San Jacinto; and it is interesting to remember in connection with this that there is still alive at Dallas, Texas, an old soldier who was one of the three or four Americans who captured the Mexican leader when he was trying to escape from the front after the battle.

—Major Moses P. Handy has declined a re-election to the presidency of the Philadelphia Clover Club, after holding that office for ten years. This noted organization of literary and newspaper men, which took its name from the convivial chorus "While we live, we live in clover," has grown famous for its good dinners and bad manners. It has entertained at its hospitable board the most distinguished public men in the country, and at one of its dinners there were present eight guests who were supposed to be within reach of the Presidential nomination. On that occasion Major Handy called the company to order as a National Convention of candidates for the Presidency, and requested each of the guests to declare the reasons why he should be elected. Among those who responded were Generals Hancock and Sherman, and Senators Logan, Harrison, Palmer, and Hawley.

—Henry Labouchere says that he saw Mr. Gladstone not long ago, and that the aged statesman appeared very stately, very simple, and very singular in the sense of not resembling any other man. He wore a "melon" hat, which looked well on him, and there was a fine heartiness in his grasp and a firmness about his carriage that indicated no trace of senectitude. In regard to Mr. Gladstone's reported shrinkage of stature, Mr. Labouchere says: "We are all less tall at the end of the day, unless it has been a period of rest, than when we get up in the morning. Mr. Gladstone the other evening was, I am sure, as tall as he had ever been in his life—for he had just spent eight hours in railway trains."

—William Crawford Ruger, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, State of New York, died on January 14th, at his home in Syracuse, a victim to the grip. Judge Ruger was born January 30, 1824, in Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He was a successful lawyer, and became identified with the Democratic party early in his career. In 1882 he was elected Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, his opponent being Judge Charles Andrews. By his upright dealings he has gained the respect of all parties, and he leaves a most worthy record of judicial integrity. His wife and grown son—who has followed his father's profession—survive him.

—Kaiser Wilhelm's new throne will be costly enough, and sufficiently elaborate to suit even the exacting taste of a Hohenzollern. The frame-work and the decorations are to be fashioned of pure gold, and the finest of purple velvet will be made use of for the coverings and drapery. The throne is to replace the simple chairs of state that German royalty has used as a substitute for the old Prussian throne, which was demolished after the battle of Jena for the gold there was on it.

—Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, is said to be the most temperate, as he is one of the most domestic of Senators. He finds his keenest enjoyment in his home life, and does not often leave his family circle in the evening. It is reputed to be the Senator's practice to read aloud to his family, and after they have retired to bed to continue his reading into the night; for he likes the companionship of books, and felt most severely the loss he suffered by the burning of his fine library at Laurel.

—Henry E. Abbey, who has become the leading operatic and theatrical manager of the time, is about forty-five years of age. He is an Ohioan, and was a jeweller in Buffalo before he was attracted to the box office. Twenty years ago he became manager of a small theatre in an Ohio town, but his venture was a complete failure, and his career since, though marked by several great strokes of fortune, has not been a series of uninterrupted successes.

—The most remarkable thing about the brilliant career of Guy de Maupassant, whose sad mental collapse excites the sympathy of the whole world of novel-readers, is that it was the fruit of the long and industrious literary apprenticeship he served with Flaubert. From that novelist he learned to appreciate the truth of Buffon's saying, that "talent is merely continued patience," and verified it in later life by the success that rewarded his pains. For seven years he toiled on under Flaubert's direction, trying his hand at every style of literary workmanship, and knowing that the product of his pen was all designed for the waste-basket—for none of this apprentice work was ever published. Sometimes he rewrote a description twenty times to satisfy the critical judgment of his literary mentor, but in the end he acquired the consummate accuracy of description and fidelity to nature that characterize and redeem his work. The author is even now only a year or two beyond forty, of medium height and rather stout, and altogether a handsome man.

—An interesting art sale is to take place at the Ortgies galleries, No. 366 Fifth Avenue, on the evenings of January 26th and 27th, when some of the works of Mr. J. G. Brown, the National Academician and member of the Water-color Society, will be disposed of. The paintings will be on exhibition from January 21st. The subjects represent Mr. Brown in all his various moods, with bootblacks, newsboys, fishermen, and the distinctive features of American life which the artist has always made a specialty of portraying.

—The spacious old Sprague mansion in Washington, the house over which Kate Chase Sprague once presided so brilliantly, is now the home of a Hebrew social club. But a few years ago it held within its walls some of the most fashionable gatherings in the history of the national capital, and the beauty and accomplishments of its mistress were a magnet that attracted every man famous in public life to its hospitable parlors.

MRS. HARGREAVE.—[See Page 78.]

MRS. OSBORNE.—[See Page 78.]

CARDINALS SIMEONI AND AGOSTINI.

Of all the deaths that have occurred among the members of the Sacred College during the past few weeks, there is none that possesses a greater interest for Americans than that of Cardinal Simeoni; for it was he who, since the accession of Leo XIII. to the Papal throne in 1878, has held the supreme control and direction of the entire Roman Catholic Church in the United States. The latter, in the conservative eyes of the Papacy, is as much of a heathen country as it was four centuries ago. The Vatican makes no distinction between Pekin and Gotham. Both are situated *in partibus infidelium*, and the clergy as well as the episcopacy of the Catholic persuasion in this country are styled "missionary fathers"—*patres missionari*—precisely in the same manner as the clergy who are devoting their lives and their energies to converting the heathen Chinese or the aboriginal African along the banks of that terrible Congo River.

No American connected with the Roman Catholic Church ever visited the Eternal City without paying his respects to the kindly and sagacious little man who from his dingy office in the Palace of the Propaganda exercised ecclesiastical control over more than half of the Catholic world. Many have been the troublesome questions which have arisen in connection with the ecclesiastical affairs of America since he has held the office of Prefect-General of the Propaganda. But he succeeded in solving every one of them, including the controversy concerning Dr. McGlynn, with a soundness of judgment and a sagacity all the more surprising seeing that he had never visited this country, and that of all his army of assistants, coadjutors, and attachés at the great institution on the Plaza di Spagna there is not one single one of them who is either American or English; all are Italians.

It was my privilege to become personally acquainted with Cardinal Simeoni some seven or eight years ago, and I had occasion to see him quite often. He inhabited a suite of dark and dingy rooms on an upper floor of the great gloomy pile of buildings known as the College of the Propaganda. His apartments were scantily and even shabbily furnished. There were no carpets on the floor, and there was an entire absence of that comfort, luxury, and magnificence which I had been accustomed to find when staying with the late Cardinal Simor, Primate of Hungary, at his superb palace at Graun, on the banks of the Danube. Instead of being surrounded by chamberlains, equerries, prelates, and gentlemen-in-waiting as was the Magyar Prince Archbishop, Cardinal Simeoni was merely attended by a couple of young priests, whose cassocks showed as great signs of wear as his own. The simplicity of the surroundings was thoroughly in keeping with the simplicity of the kind and fatherly manner of his Eminence, whose sympathetic demeanor seemed to invite confidence, and to cause me to forget that I was in the presence of one of the shrewdest and most enlightened statesmen and administrators that the papacy has ever trained up to its service.

Cardinal Agostini, the Patriarch and Archbishop of Venice, whose death occurred a few days previous to that of Cardinal Simeoni, was likewise a prelate whom the Pope will find it difficult to replace. For although possessed of none of that winning kindliness of manner which formed so striking a characteristic of his Eminence Simeoni, yet he was one of the few members of the Sacred College who was an avowed adherent of the policy of reconciliation between church and state in Italy. Every summer, when Queen Marguerite took up her residence at Venice for the purpose of enjoying a course of sea-bathing, the brusque old Cardinal would make a point of calling at her Majesty's palace to pay his respects; and on more than one occasion he took part in the ceremony of christening and launching great cruisers, sitting between the King and Queen on the royal dais, and conversing with them in the most friendly manner. His death removes one of the most advantageous methods of intercourse between the Quirinal and Vatican, and will be sincerely regretted by all those who, looking towards the reconciliation of King and Pope, have the true welfare of Italy at heart. I may add that Cardinal Agostini was regarded as the Italian government's favorite candidate for the succession to Leo XIII.

Ex-Diplomat.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.—[See Page 90.]

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.—[See Page 90.]

THE LATE CARDINAL GIOVANNI SIMEONI.

HARDESTY'S COWARDICE.

BY C. A. PRATT.

I.

STRAIGHT on before them stretched the street, a wide and unobstructed way at first, but narrowing a little at the further end, where there were, besides, buildings going up and great piles of lumber standing far out in the road, and heaps of sand and mortar beds. Could he possibly get the horses under control before they reached those cruel lumber piles, where to be thrown meant death or worse? They were running wildly, and it was down grade all the way; she did not believe that human strength could do it, not even Neil's, and he was as strong as he was tender. She looked down at his hands, and noticed how white the knuckles were, and how the veins stood out, and then she bent her head that she might not see those fatal obstructions in their way, and clasped her hands as tightly as her lips. She found herself senselessly repeating over and over, as if it were a charm, "*Broad is the way....that leadeth to destruction.*"

It was a June morning, cool and sweet. If ever, life is sweet in June. Her eyes fell on the great bunch of white roses in her lap. He had put them in her hands just as they were starting, and then—there was no one in sight—had bent suddenly and left a quick kiss on the hands. It was only the other day he told her that he had never, from the very first hour they met, seen her hands without longing to fill them with flowers. Would she be pleased to take notice, now that he possessed the right, he meant to exercise it?

Poor roses! Must they be crushed and mangled too? She did not like the thought of scarlet stains upon their whiteness, and with some wild thought of saving them—for were they not his roses?—she flung them with a sudden gesture into the street.

"O Christ!" she cried, voicelessly, "spare both of us—or neither."

It was just then that the horses swerved and reared, the carriage struck something in the road, and tilted sharply to the right. She clutched the side involuntarily, and kept her seat. When, a second later, the carriage had righted itself, and the horses, more terrified still and now wholly uncontrolled, were dashing forward again, the place beside her was empty, and the reins were dragging on the ground.

She shut her eyes and waited. It was not long to wait. There came a crash, a whirl, and then unconsciousness.

The evening papers contained an account of the fortunate escape from serious disaster of two young people "deservedly popular in social circles, and belonging to the best-known families in town, namely, Mr. Neil Hardesty and Miss Mildred Fabian, who were on their way to a field meeting of the Hambeth Historical Society, when the young blooded horses Mr. Hardesty was driving took fright at a bonfire at the corner of State and Market streets, and started to run. As there is a sharp down grade at this point, their driver was unable to exercise any control over them. After keeping their course in a mad gallop for a quarter of a mile down State Street, the carriage struck an obstruction, tipped, and Mr. Hardesty was thrown out, being severely bruised, but sustaining no serious injuries. The horses continued in their wild career for two blocks further, when one of them ran against a lamp-post and was knocked down, upsetting the carriage, and throwing Miss Fabian out. She was picked up unconscious, but beyond a slight cut on her head, was also fortunately uninjured. Mr. Hardesty and Miss Fabian are to be congratulated upon the results of the runaway, as such an accident could hardly occur once in a hundred times without more serious, perhaps fatal consequences," etc., etc.

It was some two weeks after this that the family physician, consulting with Mrs. Fabian in the hall, shook his head, and said he did not understand it; there was no apparent reason why Miss Mildred should not have rallied immediately from the accident. The shock to her nervous system had doubtless been greater than he had at first supposed. Still she had been in sound health, and there seemed no sufficient cause for the marked weakness and depression which was following her. He would prepare a tonic, and send it up.

Meeting Neil Hardesty—himself an unfledged medical student—entering the house as the doctor was leaving it, the latter stopped to observe:

"You must try to rouse your *fiancée* a little. Can't you cheer her up, Hardesty? She seems very much depressed nervously. Perhaps it is only natural after such a close shave as you had. I did not care to look death in the face at that age. It sometimes startles young people and happy ones."

Neil shook his head with an anxious look. "It is not that," he said. "She is half an angel already, you know. But I will do my best;" and he passed on through the broad, airy, darkened hall out to the high veranda at the back of the house, where he knew he should find her at that hour.

The veranda overlooked the garden, blazing just then with the flowers of early July. She was lying languidly in her sea-chair; there were books around her, but she had not been reading; and work, but she had not been sewing. One hand was lifted, shading her face; the lines around her mouth were fixed as if she were in pain.

He came forward quickly, and knelt down beside the chair. He was carrying some brilliant clusters of scarlet lilies, and he caught the small and rather chilly hand, and held it over them as if to warm it in their splendid flame.

"Do you know that you look cold, *cold?*" he demanded. "I want you to look at these, and hold them till you are warmed through and through. What an absurd child it is to look so chilly in July!"

She raised her eyes and let them rest on him with a sudden radiant expression of satisfaction. "It is because you are so unkind as to go away—occasionally," she remarked. "Do I ever look cold or unhappy or dissatisfied while you are here?"

"Once or twice in the last two weeks you have been all of that. Sweetheart, I must know what it means. Don't you see you must tell me? How can one do anything for you when one doesn't know what is the matter? And I am under orders to see that you get well forthwith. The doctor has given you up—to me!"

He was startled, when instead of the laughing answer which he hoped, she caught her breath with half a sob.

"Must I tell you?" she demanded. "Oh, Neil, I do not dare! When you are here, I know it is not so. It is only when you are away from me that the black thought comes. And I fight it so! It is only because I am tired with fighting it that I do not get strong."

"Dear, what can you mean?"

She shook her head. "It is too horrible, and you would never forgive me, though I know it cannot be true. Oh, Neil, Neil, *Neil!*"

"Mildred, this is folly. I insist that you tell me at once." His voice had lost its tender playfulness, and was peremptory now. "Don't you see that you are torturing me?" he said.

She looked at him helplessly. "That day," she said, "when the carriage tipped, and you went out, I thought—I thought you jumped. Neil, don't look so! I knew you could not, and yet I can't get rid of the thought, and it tortures me that I could think it—of you. Oh, I have hurt you!"

He was no longer kneeling beside her, but had risen, and was leaning against one of the pillars of the veranda, looking down at her with an expression she had never dreamed of seeing in his eyes when they rested on her face. He was white to the lips.

"You look like a wounded man," she murmured, under her breath.

"You thought that? You have thought it these two weeks?"

"I tell you it is torture. Neil, say you did not, and let me be at rest."

"And you ask me to deny it? You?" His voice was very bitter. "I wonder if you know what you are saying?"

"Neil, Neil, say you did not!"

He set his teeth. "Never!"

A silence followed, which he broke at last by asking, wearily: "What was your idea in telling me this, Mildred? Of course you knew it was the sort of thing that is irrevocable?"

"I knew nothing except that I must get rid of the thought."

"Can't you imagine what it is to a man to be charged with cowardice?"

"I charge nothing; but if you would only deny it!"

"Oh, this is hopeless!" he said, with an impatient sigh;

"it is irremediable. If I denied it, you would still doubt; but even if you did not, I could never forget that you had once thought me a coward. There are some things one may not forgive." Silence again. "And my—my wife must never have doubted me."

She raised her eyes at last. "If you are going, pray go at once," she said. "I am too weak for this."

She said it, but she did not mean it. After all, it was the one impossible thing on earth that anything should come between them. Surely she could not alter the course of two lives by five minutes of unguarded hysterical speech or a week or two of unfounded fretting.

But he took up his hat, and turned it in his hands. "As you wish," he said, coldly; and then "good-morning," and was gone.

II.

Jacksonville, in fever-time.

"I think that is all," said the hurried, jaded doctor to the Northern nurse. "The child is convalescent—you understand about the nourishment?—and you know what to do for Mrs. Leroy? I shall bring some one who will stay with her husband within the hour."

Outside was the glare of sun upon white sand—a pitiless sun, whose rising and setting seemed the only things done in due order in all the hushed and smitten city. Within was a shaded green gloom and the anguished moaning of a sick woman.

Mildred Fabian, left alone with her patients and the one servant who had not deserted the house, faced her work and felt her heart rise with strange exultation, a singular sustaining joy that never yet had failed her in the hour of need. The certainty of hard work, the consciousness of danger, the proximity of death—these acted upon her always like some subtle stimulant. If she had tried to explain this, which she did not, she would perhaps have said that at no other time did she have such an overwhelming conviction of the soul's supremacy as in the hours of human extremity. And this conviction, strongest in the teeth of all that would seem most vehemently to deny it, was to her nothing less than intoxicating.

Mildred Fabian was not one of the women to whom there still seems much left in life after love is gone. To be sure, she had the consolations of religion, and also a certain sweet reasonableness of temperament which prompted her to pick up the pieces after a crash, and make the most of what might be left. But she was obliged to do this in her own way. She was sorry that she could not do it in her mother's way. When she told her family that her engagement to Neil Hardesty was at an end, that she did not care to explain how the break came, and that if they meant to be kind they would please not bother her about it, she knew that her mother would have been pleased to have her take up her old life with a little more enthusiasm than she had ever shown for it before. To be a little gayer, a little more occupied, a little prettier if possible, and certainly a little more fascinating—that was her mother's idea of making the most of the life left to her. But Mildred's way was different, and after dutifully endeavoring to carry out her mother's conception of the conduct proper to the circumstances with a dismal lack of success, she took her own path, which led her through a training-school for nurses first, and so ultimately to Jacksonville.

The long day wore slowly into night. The doctor had returned very shortly with a man, whether physician or nurse she did not know, whom he left with Mr. Leroy. The little maid, who had been dozing in the upper hall, received some orders concerning the preparation of food, which she proceeded to execute. The convalescent child rested well. The sick woman passed from the first to the second stage of the disease, and was more quiet. The doctor came again after nightfall. He looked at her charges wearily, and told Mildred that the master of the house would not rally.

"He is my friend, and I can do no more for him," he said, almost with apathy.

The night passed, as even nights in sick-rooms will, and at last it began to grow toward day. The nurse became suddenly conscious of deadly weariness and need of rest. She called the colored girl, and left her in charge, with a few directions and the injunction to call her at need, and then stole down the stairs to the outer door to snatch, before she rested, the breath of morning air she craved.

As she stood at the veranda's edge in the twilight coolness and twilight hush, watching the whitening sky, there came steps behind her, and turning, she came face to face with Neil Hardesty. She stared at him with unbelieving eyes.

"Yes, it is I," he said—"that is, if it is you?"

"It was you with Mr. Leroy?" she said. "Are you going?"

"My work is over here," he answered, quietly. "I am going to send—some one else."

She bent her head a second's space with the swift passing courtesy paid death by those to whom it has become a more familiar friend than life itself, then lifted it, and for a minute they surveyed each other gravely, distantly.

"This is like meeting you on the other side the grave," she said. "How came you here? I thought you were in California."

"I thought you were in Europe."

"I was for a while, but there was nothing there I wanted. Then I came back and entered the training-school. After this is over, I have arranged to join the Sisterhood of St. Margaret. I think I can do better work so."

"Let me advise you not to mistake your destiny," he said, courteously. "You were surely meant for the life of home and society, and can do a thousandfold more good that way."

"You do not know," she answered, simply. "I am very happy in my life. It suits me utterly. I should be glad if I could make you understand how much at peace I am."

"But it will wear you out;" he murmured.

She looked at him out of her great eyes surprisedly. It was a look he knew of old. "Why, I expect it to;" she answered.

There was silence for a little space before she went on, apparently without effort, and in just her old, frank, sweet way:

"I am glad to come across you again, for there is one thing I have wanted to say to you almost ever since we parted, and it has grieved me to think I might never be able to say it. It is this: while I do not regret anything else, and while I am sure now that it was best for both of us—or else it would not have happened—I have always been sorry that the break between us came in the way it did. I regret—it hurts me still when I remember of what I accused you. I have long been sure I was unjust. No wonder you were bitter against me! I have often prayed that that bitterness might pass out of your soul, and that I might know it. So—I ask your forgiveness that I ever suspected you of such an unmanly act. It will make me happier to know you have quite forgiven me."

Did he start and move away from her in that dim Southern dawn? At least he did not answer. She waited patiently.

"Surely"—she spoke with pained surprise—"surely you do forgive me?"

"*Oh God!*"

She looked at his set face wonderingly. Why should it be with such a mighty effort that he unclosed his lips at last? His voice came forced and hard.

"I—I did it, Mildred. I was the coward that you thought me. I don't know what insensate fear came over me and took possession of me utterly, but it was nothing to the fear I felt afterwards—for those two weeks—that you might suspect me of it, and when I knew you did, I was mad with grief and anger at myself, and yet I tried—it seems to me below contempt—to save my miserable pride. But I have always meant that you should know at last."

She looked at him with blank uncomprehension.

"I did it," he repeated, doggedly, and waited for the change he thought to see upon her face. It came, but with a difference.

"You—you did it?" for the idea made its way but slowly to her mind. "Then"—with a rush of feeling that she hardly understood, and an impetuous tender gesture—"then—let me comfort you!"

In some strange way he knew it was the voice of the woman who had loved him, and not of any Sister of Charity, however gracious, that he heard again, but he turned sharply away.

"God forbid," he said, and she shrank from the tense misery of his voice—"God forbid that even you should take away my punishment! Don't you see? It is all the comfort I dare have, to go where there is danger and to face death when I can, till the day comes when I am not afraid, for I am a coward yet."

She stretched her hands out toward him blindly. I am afraid that she forgot just then all the boasted sweetness of her present life, her years of training, and her coming postulancy at St. Margaret's, as well as the heinousness of his offence. She forgot everything save that this was Neil, and that he suffered.

But all that she, being a woman and merciful, forgot, he, being a man and something more than just, remembered. "Good-by, and God be with you!" he said.

"Neil!" she cried. "Neil!"

But his face was set steadfastly toward the heart of the stricken city, and he neither answered nor looked back.

The future Sister of St. Margaret's watched him with a heart that ached as she had thought it could never ache again. All the hard-won peace of her patient years, that she had thought so secure a possession, had gone at once, and was as though it had not been; for he, with all his weaknesses upon him, was still the man she loved.

"Lord, give him back to me!" she cried, yet felt the cry was futile.

Slowly she climbed the stairs again, wondering where was the courage and quiet confidence that had sustained her so short a time ago.

Was it true, then, that heaven was only excellent when earth could not be had? She was the coward now. In her mind there were but two thoughts—the desire to see him again, and a new, appalling fear of death.

She re-entered the sick-room where the girl was watching her patients with awed eyes.

"You need not stay here," she said, softly. "I cannot sleep now. I will call you when I can."

THE CRIME OF ETHEL OSBORNE.

In this story we have to consider the doings of a class of people little represented in America, yet familiar to us through the novels of English society. England is the land of younger sons and portionless daughters, as well as the land of high titles and splendid estates. To these unfortunate younger sons and portionless daughters belong all the social privileges of the rich and the titled, all the education, all the culture, all the love of the beautiful and luxurious things of life. They have everything except money. By the laws of the high class to which they are born they are forbidden to get this by honest work, and are forced to marry it, or, failing this, to lead a life of shame and deceit, of petty annoyance, of domestic "scenes," of battles with tradespeople.

They dress just as well as their more fortunate equals. They give little dinners, small receptions. They smile and jest and dance, just as though their nights were not terrible with forebodings of the day's avalanche of duns. They keep up appearances until the struggle becomes too great, when they vanish, to be seen and heard of no more. Their lives are tragedies, if you prefer not to look at the comedy side; and at the end you will find, whether you prefer or not, that the comic element, which has been dwindling, has disappeared altogether.

When Mrs. Major Hargreave, who is now a matron of thirty-six years or thereabouts, was a young girl she lived with her rich grandmother, who finally succeeded in marrying her to Major Hargreave. The grandmother gave her no money, but promised that when she died she would leave her the fine collection of family jewels which had come down with increasing value for many generations, and were worth more than $75,000. Major and Mrs. Hargreave were married in 1876, and lived for many years with the grandmother, who supplemented the major's small income with a liberal allowance.

In January, 1890, the grandmother died, and kept her promise about the jewels, but divided her other property so that the Hargreaves got a mere trifle. They at once had to cut down expenses, and went to live at Torquay, in a small but very pretty house, where they maintained an establishment sufficiently expensive to keep them figuring and worrying. This Torquay house was near the handsome bachelor residence of a certain Mr. Englehart, who was so friendly with the Hargreaves that Torquay society was moved to a good deal of winking and tittering at the major's expense. But as the major was content to sit upon the small back seat of Mr. Englehart's trap, while Mrs. Hargreave and "Limb," as Mr. Englehart was called "for short," sat on the front seat, Torquay society was forced to be content also.

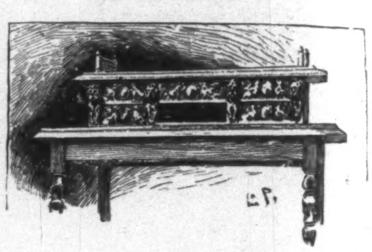
Among the close friends of the Hargreaves were the younger members of the Elliot family, their second cousins. They were supported by an allowance from their grandfather, John Elliot, who was rich but stingy. He allowed them an income sufficient for living in an eminently respectable way, but not enough for the bringing up of extravagant sons and daughters. Now in the Elliot family there was just such a daughter and just such a son. Hugh Elliot, who had gone to Cambridge, and had learned what living like a gentleman meant, could have spent all the family allowance without getting rid of his debts. The oldest daughter had married a Captain Geach of the army, and had dropped out of the race for position and luxury. The next daughter, Florence Ethel, called Ethel by her friends, and "Topaz" by her lover, was born twenty-six years ago last fall, and at the time of which we are now talking was in the full swing of extravagance and social ambition. There were two other girls, one an invalid, and one who died several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot died in 1889, leaving their children $30,000 each, and confiding them to the care of their grandfather, who gave them an allowance of about $5000 a year and a house called The Boltons in South Kensington, a suburb of London, rent free. To the average mind this would seem to be a fair provision for the orphans. But within a year of his mother's death Hugh had spent his $30,000, and was borrowing from his sisters. At the end of the same time Ethel was selling the last of the securities in which her $30,000 was invested, and was at her wits' end for money.

She was a tall, handsome woman, with waving dark hair and brown eyes, and teeth of which she was justifiably vain. She was clever and of a sweet disposition. She was very much in love with Captain Arthur Osborne of the Carbineers, who also had a small allowance, large debts, and extravagant tastes. He was in love with Ethel, and as soon as their affairs were straightened out, which meant unexpected liberality or unexpected death on the part of near relatives, they proposed getting married. He was a fine-looking man, and his *fiancée* was especially proud of his delicate honor and chivalrous courage.

Mrs. Hargreave was fond of Ethel Elliot, and the two visited each other frequently. It seems that, as one would naturally suppose, money was a frequent topic of conversation in the two households. They called it "oof," which is the latest English slang name for it. Major Hargreave and Ethel were particularly exercised over "oof," and it is said that both of them said they would do anything to get it. The major was much angered because his wife refused to sell any of those beautiful jewels her grandmother had left her. He was persistent in urging the folly of locking up $75,000 when they were so hard pressed.

When Mrs. Hargreave was visiting Ethel Elliot, in the summer of 1890, she lost one of these jewels, valued at about $1000. Afterward, at a cricket match, she lost another. She was afraid that some one would try to rob the Torquay house, because her jewels were pretty widely known. So she had a cabinet with a secret drawer made. It came home late in November, 1890, and she sent the servants out of the room, and showed "Limb" Englehart and her husband how you pulled out one of the small drawers, and how you pressed a pin into the centre of the false bottom thus disclosed, and how, at the pressure, a small drawer sprang from what had seemed merely carving and ornamentation. The cabinet was set in her bedroom.



THE TABLE IN WHICH THE HARGREAVE JEWELS WERE SECRETED.

She put her jewels into separate white pasteboard boxes, marked the contents upon the lid of each box, and put all the boxes in the secret drawer.

Early in February of last year Major Hargreave went to Aix-la-Chapelle for the baths, and Mrs. Hargreave got Ethel Elliot to visit her. Ethel came down to Shirley (as the Hargreaves' house at Torquay was called) on February 9th, to stay a week. A few days after her arrival, Mrs. Hargreave was showing Ethel her jewels. As the two women had got pretty confidential, she also showed her the secret drawer, and explained its workings. Then she put all the jewels away, closed the drawer, and did not open it again until February 20th.

She induced Ethel to stay nearly two weeks. They were together all the time except for two hours on Sunday, February 15th. Mrs. Hargreave had to go out, and Ethel staid alone in the house with the servants. Mrs. Hargreave's maid, Avant, says that on that Sunday morning Ethel came into Mrs. Hargreave's bedroom, and sent her down after a glass of milk; that when she returned with it, Ethel was standing in the door of the bedroom; that she drank the milk, thanked her smilingly, and went down stairs.

February 18th Ethel went back to The Boltons to begin the arrangements for her wedding, which was set for April 4th. She was hard pressed for money; she already owed more than she could possibly pay; and she had to buy her trousseau, besides paying the other expenses incident to a fashionable wedding, such as she had set her heart upon having.

February 20th Mrs. Hargreave opened the secret drawer for the first time since she and Ethel had looked at the jewels. She took out the little box marked to contain a pair of diamond ear-rings and a pair of pearl earrings, both pairs having stones of unusual size and beauty. She opened this box and found it empty. She sent for "Limb," and they and the servants searched every part of the house; but the jewels could not be found. Mrs. Hargreave had been robbed of jewels valued at over $5000.

Four persons knew of the secret drawer—Englehart, Major Hargreave, Ethel Elliot, and Mrs. Hargreave. Mrs. Hargreave put Ethel Elliot out of the question at once. Mr. Englehart was also above suspicion. The police, Mr. Englehart, and Mrs. Hargreave all agreed that the major might be guilty. Mrs. Hargreave wrote him to that effect, he having not yet returned from Aix. She also wrote to Ethel, telling of her loss. Ethel, in the midst of her preparations for the wedding, found time to write a letter of condolence. Ethel also told the loss to her friend Miss Dashwood, to her brother, and wrote of it to Captain Osborne, with his regiment in Edinburgh.

Major Hargreave came over to London, and he and Mr. Englehart and the police began a search. In answer to a circular sent out by the police, Messrs. Spink & Son, jewellers, at 2 Gracechurch Street, wrote that they thought they had two of the jewels. March 9th Mr. Englehart and Major Hargreave called there, and found the two pearls. Mr. Spink said that on February 19th a tall, dark-haired young woman with beautiful teeth had called, and had sold them the pearls for £550 ($2750). She had given her name and address as Mrs. Alice Price, 14 Hyde Park Gardens. They had looked in the directory, and finding no such person at that address, called her attention to it politely. She had smiled, and, without the slightest loss of self-possession, had said: "Oh, I am only visiting there. I live at Radcliffe Hall, Bradford." They gave her a check for £550, and she went away.

On February 23d she returned, and said that she wished the check marked, so that she could get cash for it. The clerk obligingly changed it.

The check was drawn on the bank of Glyn, Mills, & Co., not far from the jewelry shop. Inquiry there developed the fact that such a young woman as Mr. Spink described had called there February 19th, had been unable to cash the check, had returned with the check properly endorsed February 23d, and had asked to be paid in gold. The clerk counted the £550 into a bag which she had taken in her arms—it weighed about nine pounds—and she had then gone away in a cab.

Major Hargreave had suspected Ethel Elliot from the first. When he heard the fictitious name—Radcliffe Hall—his memory recalled to him a certain man named Radcliffe Hall, whom the Hargreaves and the Elliots had quarrelled about five years before, and suspicion became certainty in his mind.

Mr. Englehart informed Hugh Elliot of the suspicions against his sister. He was furiously indignant, and said he would bring her to face the man who had bought the jewels, and those who had counted out the money. They would at once say she was not the woman. He hurried home to his sister, and she was at first laughingly incredulous, then indignant. She was eager to face these clerks, and disprove the absurd scandal at once. The next day Mr. Spink and his clerks, and two clerks from the bank, looked at her, and positively identified her. She never lost her self-possession, and while her brother was enraged at such stupidity, she remained cool, and said the mistake would soon be discovered. Her manner was that of a person confident in the strong armor of innocence.

Captain Osborne was informed of the suspicions against the woman he was so soon to marry, and hastened to London. He had several stormy interviews with Major Hargreave, Englehart, and Major Hargreave's solicitors. He was certain of Ethel's innocence. Major Hargreave simply said that the money and the other jewels must be returned or Ethel Elliot would be arrested.

Ethel Elliot was so composed under this charge that all her immediate relatives who heard of the scandal stood by her. And when the Hargreaves began to tell the story of the theft to their friends, the Osborne family and the Elliot family were straightway up in arms. Major Hargreave threatened to arrest Ethel on her wedding day if Captain Osborne persisted in marrying her. So they were not married that day, but waited until the day following. Then Ethel Elliot became Mrs. Captain Osborne. The wedding was very quiet and very sad. But Captain Osborne was anxious, and determined that it should be. The settlements and allowances both from Captain Osborne's father and Ethel's grandfather were large enough to give them assured ease. They were to have about $10,000 a year.

Soon after the wedding the scandal was so widely noised that Captain and Mrs. Osborne decided to settle it forever by bringing a suit for slander against Major and Mrs. Hargreave. When the papers in answer were filed, it was found that Ethel Osborne would have to account minutely for her movements on February 19th and February 23d. This she was promptly able to do. She had gone into London February 19th, and she told the names of the shops she had visited, and these shopkeepers were able to verify her statements. On February 23d, she said she had staid at home all day with the headache, and her dearest friend, Miss Jane Dashwood was willing to testify to the truth of this, as she had been with her all of that day.

The trial began December 16th, before Justice Denman, in the Queen's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, with the two great counsellors Sir Charles Russell and Sir Edward Clarke pitted each against the other, as in the famous "baccarat case." Sir Charles was for Mrs. Osborne and Sir Edward was for the defence. Mrs. Osborne testified in her own behalf. She looked so pretty, and her manners were so refined, and her conduct under the fierce cross-examination of Sir Edward Clarke was so innocent and so straightforward, that she won every one. When Sir Charles had done with his side of the case, the universal opinion was that while there were suspicious circumstances, the balance was greatly in favor of Mrs. Osborne. No one noticed that Sir Edward Clarke had found a lapse of an hour in her accounting for her movements on February 19th, and no one of the plaintiff's side, except the plaintiff herself, knew that that hour was just the time of the sale of the pearls. Captain Osborne was triumphant. He felt that his wife's innocence was established. And his triumph seemed to be shared by her.

But in the midst of the trial, and before the defence had got well under way, a note came for Mr. Justice Denman, which brought the whole affair to a tragic conclusion. The note came on December 20th, and an hour after it was read by the counsel on both sides, while Captain Osborne and Ethel were still sitting quietly in the court room, the detectives were close upon the thief. The note was from Messrs. Benjamin, merchants, at Ulster House, Conduit Street. They said that on December 23d a young woman had asked them to give her notes for £550 in gold which she had with her. They had directed her to the National Provincial Bank, where she had got notes for the gold. At the bank the detectives took the numbers of these notes, and at the Bank of England they found one which had come in from a firm of linen merchants. Across the back of it was written in a faint yet perfectly legible hand the name—Ethel Elliot. There was no necessity for writing the name upon the note, and no one knows why she made the fatal slip. The linen merchants said their collector had got it at The Boltons.

By the time these facts were discovered, court had adjourned. Sir Charles Russell saw that the end had come, and told Captain Osborne that his wife was guilty. Captain Osborne was troubled but not convinced by the new facts. He went to his wife, and laying them before her, for the first time asked her if she was innocent. Even then she did not falter; she looked at him with clear eyes, and said that she was innocent, and begged him not to lose faith in her. Captain Osborne would have believed her against the world. His confidence was restored, and on Monday he went to the bank to see this note with her name across it. He knew it would not be her handwriting. Others might be deceived, but he, who had got so many letters from her, would know the fraud at a glance. He took the note in his hands, turned it over, and looked at the faint delicate tracing of his wife's name. Then he staggered, and before they could catch him, he fell to the floor like a man that has been fatally shot. Several hours afterward he returned to the consciousness that his wife had dishonored him, and that the child which was so soon to be born would have a thief for a mother. Ethel Osborne had lost her bold game for love, honor, and happiness.

At the next session of the court the case was closed, with a verdict for the defendants. Amid intense excitement Sir Edward Clarke explained why the end had come so suddenly. Immediately a warrant was got out for Mrs. Osborne's arrest on the charge of perjury. But she had disappeared, and the officers have not been able to find her. Captain Osborne, broken-hearted and ashamed to face his old friends, sent in his resignation from his regiment, but his colonel compelled him to withdraw it. It is thought that Mrs. Osborne is in Sweden, and it is said that Captain Osborne has forgiven her.

This ends for the present the story of a crime which was singular in its motive, but unparalleled in the desperate courage with which the criminal fought against its consequences. The facts are told above, but it remains for the imagination to picture the intense emotions which lie back of these facts—the dishonor of the husband, the hidden suffering of the woman, crowned by an overwhelming and shameful public retribution.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

CARDINAL MANNING.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

GOD has given to the Catholic Church in England at least two great men of the highest intellectual and spiritual quality during the present century. One of them was Cardinal Newman; the other was Cardinal Manning, who died January 14, 1892. Both were converts to the Church, and represented with it and for it the uncompromising faith of Christ.

Henry Edward Manning was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808, and was therefore almost eighty-three and a half years old to the day when his spirit left this earth. He passed through the usual course of education which is held to be the proper thing for an Englishman who is a member of the Anglican communion. He went to Harrow School and then to Balliol College, Oxford, where the standard of scholarship is particularly high. Graduating there, he took orders in the Anglican Church, and was chosen one of the select preachers of the University of Oxford. Afterwards, in 1834, he was appointed to a rectorship in Sussex, and was made Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. Two years later he published a book on *The Unity of the Church*, which gave perhaps the first indication of his tendency to reconcile the merely national Church of England with the Roman as the universal Church. But the circumstance which led immediately to his conversion, and to his announcement of the fact, was the trial of Mr. Gorham, an Anglican minister, who had denied the doctrine of regeneration by baptism, yet was permitted to remain a member of the Anglican communion and clergy.

In March, 1850, Archdeacon Manning conferred with Mr. Gladstone and other friends, and drew up resolutions condemning the decision which allowed Mr. Gorham to continue in his office as minister. The point was that if a clergyman of the English Church could deny the efficacy of baptism, and still go on teaching, without reproof, he and his associates were false to the faith, "inasmuch as the faith is one, and rests upon one principle of authority," and as "the conscious, deliberate, and wilful abandonment of an article destroys the divine foundation upon which the entire faith is propounded." I quote from John Oldcastle's monograph on Cardinal Manning.

Mr. Gladstone did not stick to these resolutions, but Archdeacon Manning did; and finding that consistency was thrown to the winds in the Established Church, and that the civil power there overruled and attempted to abrogate spiritual truth, he consistently became a Catholic. He was received into the Church on Passion Sunday, 1851. Commenting on this event a few days later, a writer of that time said: "He has given up all that is most dear to that lofty ambition which forms the peculiar temptation of minds of the noblest mould. A position exactly suited to his talents, of widely extended influence, and a splendid future; the favor of men; the devoted adherence of troops of friends—all this and far more, Mr. Manning has given up with a great heart, generous and liberal to Almighty God, who has been so liberal of graces to him; counting all as nothing, so that he may fight in the Holy Catholic Church, now that he has seen her star in the distance. He has not, like others, pointed the way to Bethlehem, and then refused to go there himself." Gladstone declared that when Manning and another of his friends, Hope-Scott, left the Church of England, "he felt as if he had lost his two eyes." Nevertheless he seems not to have gone in search of them.

After his conversion Manning went to Rome, and studied there for three years. He was ordained as a priest, by Cardinal Wiseman, in 1854, on his return to England; was appointed rector of a church in Bayswater, London; and became active in missionary work. When Wiseman died, Manning was nominated Archbishop of Westminster by the Pope, and was consecrated June 8, 1868. A little less than seven years later he was made Cardinal, of the title of Sts. Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, March 15, 1875.

The special aim to which he devoted himself, in addition to his duties as priest and Archbishop, was the establishing of temperance and benevolent associations among the poor Catholics of London, and the advancement of education. In furtherance of the latter purpose he raised funds for a Roman Catholic university, which was opened in Kensington, October 15, 1874. He attended the Vatican Council, and published a book about it in the form of a pastoral letter to the clergy, which is the clearest history and explanation of that council extant in the English language. In the way of writing, he was extraordinarily prolific. Of his books, the following may be mentioned: *The Blessed Sacrament, the Centre of Immutable Truth; Confidence in God; England and Christendom; Glories of the Sacred Heart; Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost; The Eternal Priesthood; The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost; Cæsarism and Ultramontanism;* and *The Office of the Holy Ghost under the Gospel.* These, however, do not represent even half of his literary work. One of his most remarkable performances in book form was his reply to Gladstone's onslaught upon the Vatican decrees. In this little work, full of common-sense and spiritual insight, Dr. Manning effectually disposed of the idea that loyalty to Catholic Christian faith undermines or weakens the loyalty of a citizen to his country. He said: "The civil allegiance of Catholics is as undivided as that of all Christians, and of all men who recognize a divine or natural moral law. . . . The civil allegiance of all men who believe in God, or are governed by conscience, is in that sense divided. . . . In this sense, and in no other, can it be said that the allegiance of Catholics is divided." This controversy with Gladstone interrupted the old friendship between him and Manning for a while. But, if I am rightly informed, the breach was not of long duration, and Gladstone soon afterwards appointed a Catholic, the Marquis of Ripon, as Viceroy of India. Catholics are constantly elected to office by popular suffrage in England, or are chosen for important government positions by the crown and the Prime Minister. It would seem, therefore, that their loyalty is not seriously doubted; and as the Church teaches all its communicants to obey the government and the laws of the land in which they live, there is no reason for questioning their patriotism.

I do not think that Cardinal Manning cared in the least for title or preferment in the Church, excepting as they enabled him to speak his mind and heart to a larger audience; and his heart and mind were always for simple truth, and for peace and goodwill. In his letters to friends and acquaintances he said many things that show exactly what he thought and felt. For example: "I have had no other motive than a perpetual and ardent desire to give to others the truth as God has given it to me."

The portraits of Cardinal Manning form an interesting subject for study. The earliest that I know of is a miniature of him made when he was a child only four years old. It represents him as holding a sea-shell to his ear, and listening. The expression of the face is one of great gentleness, sweetness, and unconscious intensity. In 1844, as an Anglican Archdeacon, he looked thoughtful, serious, but almost self-satisfied, in a delicate sort of way. The later portraits present him as a man who has excluded from his life and character every atom of selfishness, vanity, personal gratification, or mere human ambition. In these pictures he comes before us as the self-abnegating servant of the human race in the cause of God, living with no thought for himself, ascetic, entirely devoted to divine truth and to the welfare of his fellow-men.

His conscientiousness, his bravery, his broad sympathies, and very practical benevolence won for him a high place in the esteem of even those who were not of his faith, and endeared him to the masses. Although a scholar of great learning and deep wisdom, he was very modest respecting his intellectual acquirements. His literary style, if not essentially simpler than Cardinal Newman's, was, at any rate, more direct, practical, and unadorned. It was also less erudite and abstruse than Cardinal Wiseman's. Manning, above all, addressed himself to society as it is, to the affairs of the day, and tried to infuse truth into mankind through these as the readiest and most effectual channels.

In so doing he ardently championed the cause of working-men. Many readers will recall vividly how, a few years ago, he was asked to mediate between the striking laborers of the London docks and their employers. A condition of affairs resembling war and threatening anarchy had arisen. No one seemed to think of or know of any individual who could reconcile the opposing parties excepting Cardinal Manning. At the request of the combatants he intervened, and brought about peace. Upon that occasion he might well have said what he had written in 1851: "I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake."

THE NEW YORK AND LONDON FIRE CHIEFS.

CAPTAIN SIMONDS, whose portrait is taken from the *Illustrated London News*, and who has hitherto acted as second in command of the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade, now succeeds Captain Shaw. Educated as an engineer, Captain Simonds was appointed, in 1881, second officer of the Fire Brigade, and

J. S. SIMONDS.
CHIEF OF THE LONDON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

has had entire charge of the department for the last two years. The present incumbent is in the prime of life, and possessed of a fine physique. In the discharge of his duties Captain Simonds has shown much personal courage, and during eleven years of service has never been on the sick-list but for injuries received by him at fires.

The Chief of the New York Fire Department, Mr. Hugh Bonner, was born in 1839, and joined the Volunteer Fire Department in 1860. He became, after some years, fireman of Engine Company No. 40, in the volunteer system. When the paid department was organized, Mr. Bonner was appointed fireman of Engine Company No. 20. In 1873 he was promoted Chief of Battalion. He became Assistant Chief, May, 1884; and Chief of Department, May 21, 1889. It may be seen by this fine record of over thirty years of

HUGH BONNER.
CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

service that Mr. Bonner has passed through all the grades, and owes his promotion to a thorough acquaintance with his duties. He is more directly in touch with his department than is the English chief, and accordingly his personal responsibilities are greater. There is no fire of the least importance that does not bring him in its presence. The elimination of politics from the *personnel* of firemen, the maintaining of training-schools, are due to Chief Bonner; and, under his practical guidance, the *morale* of the New York Fire Department is all that can be desired.

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THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL—ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

OF all the arts, music is practised most and thought about least. Why this should be the case, it is perhaps possible to explain on several grounds; but explanation does not make the phenomenon any the less remarkable. A sweet mystery enshrouds the nature of music. Its material part is subtle and elusive. To master it on its technical side alone costs a vast expenditure of time, patience, and industry. But since it is an art which can only be enjoyed through love, it remains passing strange that the indifference touching its nature and elements and the character of the phenomena which produce it and are produced by it is so general. I do not recall that anybody has ever tried to ground the popular ignorance about this art, of which, by right of birth, everybody is a critic. The unamiable nature of the task has probably been a bar to its undertaking. Yet a frank diagnosis must precede the discovery of a cure for every disease. It is not an exaggeration to say that one might spend a lifetime listening to the polite conversation of our drawing-rooms without hearing a symphony of Beethoven talked about in terms indicative of more than the most superficial knowledge of the outward form (perhaps I would better have said the dimensions and apparatus) of such a composition. No other art furnishes an analogy for this phenomenon. Everybody can say something containing a degree of appositeness about a poem, book, painting, statue, or building. If he can do no more, he can at least say, with Landseer's rural critic, that he never saw three pigs eating from a trough unless at least one of them had a foot in it. The absence of the standard of judgment employed in this criticism it is that makes talk about music with meaning in it so difficult. Nature has failed to provide the model for this most ethereal art. There is nothing in the natural world to compare it with.

But it is not alone the knowledge of the difference between a symphony and a song that is rare. Unless you chance to overhear a conversation on music between musicians (in which term I wish to include amateurs who are what that word implies, and whose knowledge stands in some respectable relation to their love, and to exclude nine-tenths of those who sing or play upon a musical instrument either for profit or for pleasure), ninety-nine times out of a hundred even the most common words in the terminology of the art are misapplied. Such familiar things as harmony and melody, time and tune, are continually confounded. Let us call a distinguished witness into the box. What does Tennyson mean when he says,

> "All night have the roses heard
> The flute, violin, bassoon;
> All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
> To the dancers dancing in tune"?

Unless the dancers were tricked out with even a more startling instrumental outfit than the old lady of Banbury Cross—had a whole Swiss Family's chime of bells, in short—how could they dance "in tune"?

Musical study, of a sort, being almost as general as study of the three R's, it must be said that the gross forms of ignorance are utterly inexcusable; but if this is obvious, it is even more obvious that there is something radically wrong with the prevalent system of musical instruction. It is because of this plentiful lack of knowledge that so much that is written on music is without meaning, and that the most foolish kind of rhapsody, so it show a collocation of fine words, is permitted to masquerade as musical criticism and analysis. People like to read about music, and a fiddling English parson has sold thousands of copies of two books filled with the very kind of literary stuff that I have just characterized. He has a multitudinous companionship, moreover, among essayists, novelists, and poets, whose safety lies in fantastic generalization when they wish to talk of music. How they flounder when they come to detail! It was Charles Lamb who said, in his "Chapter on Ears," that in voices he could not distinguish a soprano from a tenor, and could only contrive to guess at the "thorough-bass" from its being "supereminently harsh and disagreeable"; yet dear old Elia may be forgiven, since his *faux pas* merely gives emphasis to his confession of ignorance in music. But what shall the critics say to the Poet-Laureate's orchestra, consisting of a "flute, violin, and bassoon"? Or to Coleridge's "*loud* bassoon" which made the wedding guest to beat his breast? Or to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's pianist who played with an "airy and bird-like touch"? Or to our own clever painter-novelist, who made Brushes take out his violoncello and play Beethoven's symphonies for the entertainment of the party that went "Snubbin' through Jersey"? How did it come that Thackeray, who loved music, and knew that which was current in the concert-rooms, theatres, and drawing-rooms of his day, should credit Beethoven with having composed a "Dream of St. Jerome," which the King of Novelists says always soothed him and charmed him so that he fancied it was a poem of Tennyson's in music? Alas! these things, and all those which Mr. G. Sutherland Edwards has catalogued in an essay on "The Literary Maltreatment of Music," are but evidences that even cultured people have not learned to talk correctly about the art which they practise most. There is a greater need than piano-forte teachers and singing teachers, and that is a class of writers and talkers who will teach the public how to listen to music so that it will not pass before the senses like a vast tonal phantasmagoria, but will give the varied and noble pleasure contemplated by its composers.

The most eloquent, potent, capable instrument of music in the world is the modern orchestra. It is the instrument whose employment by the classical composers and the geniuses of the Romantic School in the middle of our century marks the high tide of the musical art. It is an instrument, moreover, which is never played upon without giving a great object-lesson in musical analysis, without inviting the eye to help the ear to discern the cause of the sounds which ravish our senses and stir up pleasurable emotions. Yet the popular knowledge of its constituent parts, of the individual value and mission of the factors which go to make up its sum, is scarcely greater than the popular knowledge of the structure of a symphony or sonata. All this is the more deplorable since at least a rudimentary knowledge of these things might easily be gained, and in gaining it the student would find a unique intellectual enjoyment, and have his ears unconsciously opened to a thousand beauties in the music never perceived before. He would learn, for instance, to distinguish the characteristic timbre of each of the instruments in the band; and after that to the delight found in what may be called the primary colors he would add that which comes from analyzing the vast number of tints which are the products of combination. Noting the capacity of the various instruments and the manner in which they are employed, he would get glimpses into the mental workshop of the composer. He would discover that there are conventional means of expression in his art analogous to those in the other arts; and collating his methods with the effects produced,

VIOLIN.—(CLIFFORD SCHMIDT.)

VIOLA.—(JOHN ELLER.)

VIOLONCELLO.—(VICTOR HERBERT.)

DOUBLE BASS.—(L. MANOLY.)

he would learn something of the creative artist's purposes. He would find that while his merely sensuous enjoyment would be left unimpaired, and the emotional excitement which is a legitimate fruit of musical performance unchecked, these pleasures would have others consorted with them. His intellectual faculties would be agreeably irritated, and he would enjoy the pleasures of memory, which are exemplified in music more delightfully and more frequently than in any other art, because of the rôle which repetition of parts plays in musical composition.

The argument is as valid in the study of musical forms as in the study of the orchestra, but it is the latter that is our particular business to-day. Everybody listening to an orchestral concert recognizes the physical forms of the violins, flutes, cornets, and big drum; but even of these familiar instruments the voices are not always recognized. As for the rest of the harmonious fraternity, few give heed to them, even while enjoying the music which they produce. Handel composed music for Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." It is an antiquated piece of music and seldom heard nowadays, but in the simple and direct spirit of one hundred and fifty years ago it gives a sort of primary lesson in orchestration which might occasionally yet be studied with profit. It is a descriptive catalogue of some of the instruments in Handel's band, showing the quality of the tone of each, and the sentiments for which each instrument has native expression. Perhaps the greater credit for the pretty exposition belongs to the poet, but even Dryden, after characterizing some instruments with great fidelity and succinctness, makes shipwreck on the lute, which he qualifies with the adjective "warbling," though a lute could no more warble than a banjo.

"The trumpet's loud clangor excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger and mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum,
Cries hark! the foes come.
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

sings the poet, and promptly the composer gives the solo tenor song a trumpet *obbligato* full of martial vigor, imitates the roll of the kettle-drums, and sets the fourth line to tones which the drums too can utter; for the kettle-drums are like Orator Puff in having two tones in their voice. So, too, a dulcet flute goes sentimentalizing along with a soprano voice to tell how

"The soft complaining flute
In dying note discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers."

And a little later the stringed band eloquently makes the proclamation called for by the poet:

"Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame."

It's all a sort of dignified "Johnny Schmoker" song, but pretty in its old-fashioned way, and if the poet pleases us now more than the composer, it is only because his art was riper than his colleague's when he wrote that magnificent ode.

Music having followed Herbert Spencer's law, and developed from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, it would be a little difficult to satisfy the critic of to-day with an exposition in Handel's manner; but with a few words of direction anybody can study the instruments of the band at an orchestral concert. Let him first recognize the fact that to the mind of a composer an orchestra always presents itself as a combination of four groups of instruments—choirs, let us call them, with due apology to the lexicographers. These choirs are: first, the viols of four sorts—violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, spoken of collectively as the "string quartet"; second, the wind instruments of wood (the "wood winds," in the musician's jargon)—flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons; third, the wind instruments of brass (the "brass")—trumpets, horns, trombones, and bass tuba. In all of these subdivisions there are numerous variations which need not detain us now. A further subdivision might be made in each with reference to the harmony voices (showing an analogy with the four voices of a vocal choir—soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass); but to go into this might make the exposition confusing. The fourth "choir" (here the apology to the lexicographers must be repeated with much humility and earnestness) consists of the instruments of percussion—the kettle-drums, big drum, cymbals, triangle, bell chime, etc. (sometimes spoken of collectively in the United States as "the battery").

The disposition of these instruments in our orchestras is largely a matter of individual taste and judgment in the conductor, though the general rule is exemplified in the accompanying plan, showing how Mr. Seidl has arranged the desks for the present season of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Thomas's arrangement differed very little from that of Mr. Seidl, the most noticeable difference being that he placed the viola-players beside the second violinists, where Mr. Seidl has the violoncellists. Mr. Seidl's purpose in making this change was to gain a slight increase in sonority for the viola part, the position to the right of the stage (the left of the audience) enabling the viola-players to hold their instruments with the F-holes towards the listeners instead of away from them. The relative positions of the harmonious battalions, as a rule, are as shown in the diagram. In the foreground, the violins, violas, and 'cellos; in the middle distance, the wood-winds; in the background, the brass and the battery; the double-basses flanking the whole body. This distribution of forces is dictated by considerations of sonority, the most assertive instruments—the brass and drums—being placed farthest from the hearers, and the instruments of the viol tribe, which are the real backbone of the band and make their effect by a massing of voices in each part, having the place of honor and greatest advantage. Of course it is understood that I am speaking of a concert orchestra. In the case of theatrical or operatic bands the arrangement of the forces is dependent largely upon the exigencies of space, though where the space within the orchestral rail is large enough (as in the Metropolitan Opera-house, in New York city, where it is sunk below the level of the floor, and extends a considerable distance under the stage), the concert plan is generally followed.

Outside the strings the instruments are treated by composers as solo instruments, a single flute, oboe, clarinet, or other wind instrument sometimes doing the same work in the development of the composition as the entire body of first violins. As a rule, the wood-winds are used in pairs, the purpose of this being either to fill the harmony when what I may call the principal thought of the composition is consigned to a particular choir, or to strengthen a voice by permitting two instruments to play in unison.

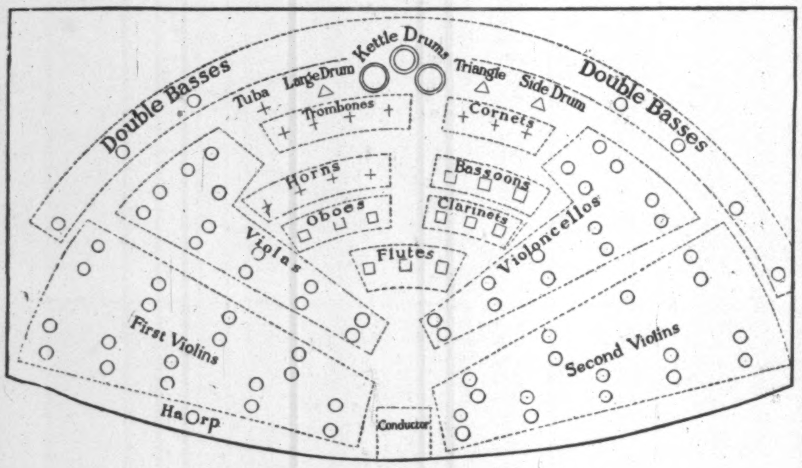
Each choir, except the percussion instruments, is capable of playing in full harmony; and this effect is frequently used by composers. In *Lohengrin*, which for that reason affords to the amateur an admirable opportunity for orchestral study, Wagner resorts to this device in some instances for the sake of dramatic characterization. Elsa, a dreamy, melancholy maiden, crushed under the weight of wrongful accusation, and sustained only by the vision of a seraphic champion sent by Heaven to espouse her cause, is accompanied on her entrance and sustained all through her scene of trial by the dulcet tones of the wood-winds, the oboe most often carrying the melody. Lohengrin's superterrestrial character as a Knight of the Holy Grail is prefigured in the harmonies which seem to stream from the violins, and in the prelude tell of the bringing of the sacred vessel of Christ's passion to Monsalvat; but in his chivalric character he is greeted by the militant trumpets in a strain of brilliant puissance and rhythmic energy. Composers have studied the voices of the instruments so long and well, and have noted the kind of melodies and harmonies in which the voices are most effective, that they have formulated what might almost be called an instrumental language. Though the effective capacity of each instrument is restricted not only by its mechanics, but also by the quality of its tones—a melody conceived for one instrument sometimes becoming utterly inexpressive and unbeautiful by transferrence to another—the range of effects is extended almost to infinity by means of combination, or, as a painter might say, by mixing the colors. The art of writing effectively for instruments in combination is the art of instrumentation or orchestration, in which Berlioz and Wagner were Past Grand Masters.

The number of instruments of each kind in an orchestra may also be said to depend measurably upon the music, or the use to which the band is to be put. Neither in instruments nor in numbers is there absolute identity between a dramatic and a symphonic orchestra. The apparatus of the former is generally much more varied and complex, because of the vast development of variety in dramatic expression stimulated by Wagner. The modern symphony, and especially the symphonic poem, shows the influence of this dramatic tendency, but not in the same degree. A comparison between model bands in each department will disclose what may be called the normal orchestral organization. For such a comparison, I select the band of the Baireuth Festival of 1876, brought together by Wagner, the greatest master of instrumental effects that ever lived, and the Philharmonic Society of New York, the most admirable musical organization in the United States, which next April will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation:

Instruments.	Baireuth.	Philharmonic.
First violins	16	18
Second violins	16	18
Violas	12	14
Violoncellos	12	14
Double-basses	8	14
Flutes	3	3
Oboes	3	3
English horn	1	1
Clarinets	3	3
Basset-horn	1	0
Bassoons	3	3
Trumpets	3	3
Horns	8	4
Trombones	3	3
Tympani (pairs)	2	2
Bass trumpet	1	0
Tenor tubas	2	0
Bass tubas	2	1
Contra-bass tuba	1	0
Contra-bass trombone	1	0
Bass drum	1	1
Cymbals	1	1
Harps	6	1

Instruments like the corno di bassetto, bass trumpet, tenor tuba, contra-bass tuba, and contra-bass trombone are so seldom called for in the music played by the Philharmonic Society that they have no place in its regular list. They are employed when needed, however, and the horns and other instruments are multiplied when desirable effects are to be obtained by such means.

The string quartet, it will be seen, makes up nearly three-fourths of a well-balanced orchestra. It is the only choir which has numerous representation of its constituent units. This was not always so, but is the fruit of development in the art of instrumentation which is the newest department in music. Vocal music had reached its highest point before instrumental music made a beginning as an art. The former was the pampered child of the church, the latter was long an outlaw. As late as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries instrumentalists were vagabonds in law, like strolling players. They had none of the rights of citizenship; the religious sacraments were denied them; their children were not permitted to inherit property or learn an honorable trade; and after death the property for which they had toiled escheated to the crown. After the instruments had achieved the privilege of artistic utterance, they were for a long time mere slavish imitators of the human voice. Bach treated them with an insight into their possibilities which was far in advance of his time, for which reason he is the most modern composer of the first half of the eighteenth century; but even in Handel's case the rule was to treat them chiefly as supports for the voices. He multiplied them just as he did the voices in his choruses, consorting a choir of oboes and bassoons, and another of trumpets of almost equal numbers with his violins.



SEATING PLAN OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The String Choir is indicated by Circles; Wood winds by Squares; Brasses by Crosses; Battery by Triangles.

The so-called purists in England talk a great deal about restoring Handel's orchestra in performances of his oratorios, utterly unmindful of the fact that to our ears, accustomed to the myriad-hued orchestra of to-day, the effect would seem opaque, heavy, unbalanced, and without charm were a band of oboes to play in unison with the violins, another of bassoons to double the 'cellos, and half a dozen trumpets to come flaring and crashing into the musical mass at intervals. Gluck in the opera, and Haydn and Mozart in the symphony, first disclosed the charm of the modern orchestra with the wind instruments apportioned to the strings so as to obtain the multitude of tonal tints which we admire to-day. On the lines which they marked out the progress has been exceedingly rapid and far-reaching. In the hands of the latter-day romantic composers, and with the help of the instrument-makers, who have marvellously increased the capacity of the wind instruments, and remedied the deficiencies which embarrassed the classical writers, the orchestra has developed into an instrument such as never entered the mind of the wildest dreamer of the last century. Its range of expression is almost infinite. It can strike like a thunder-bolt or murmur like a zephyr. Its voices are multitudinous. Its register is coextensive in theory with that of the modern piano-forte, reaching from the space immediately below the sixth added line under the bass staff to the ninth added line above the treble staff. These two extremes, which belong respectively to the bass tuba and piccolo flute, are not at the command of every player, but they are within the capacity of the instruments, and mark the orchestra's boundaries in respect of pitch. The gravest note is almost as deep as any in which the ordinary human ear can detect pitch, and the acutest reaches the same extremity in the opposite direction. No apparatus in music approaches the orchestra as a symbol of "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness."

I.—STRING QUARTET.

With all the changes that have come over the orchestra in the course of the last two hundred years, the string quartet has remained its chief factor. Its voice cannot grow monotonous or cloying, for, besides its innate qualities, it commands a more varied manner of expression than all the other instruments combined. The viol, which term I shall use generically to indicate all the instruments of the quartet, is the only instrument in the band, except the harp, that can play harmony as well as melody. Its range is the most extensive; it is more responsive to changes in manipulation; it is endowed more richly than any other instrument with varieties of timbre; it has an incomparable facility of execution, and answers more quickly and more eloquently than any of its companions to the feelings of the player. A great advantage which the viol possesses over wind instruments is that, not being dependent on the breath of the player, there is practically no limit to its ability to sustain tones. It is because of this long list of good qualities that it is relied on to provide the staff of life to instrumental music. The strings as commonly used show four members of the viol family, distinguished among themselves by their size, and the quality in the changes of tone which grows out of the differences in size. The violins are the smallest members of the family. Historically they are the culmination of a development toward diminutiveness, for in their early days viols were larger than they are now. When the violin of to-day entered the orchestra (in the score of Monteverde's opera *Orfeo*), it was specifically described as a "little French violin." Its voice, Berlioz says, is the "true female voice of the orchestra." Generally the violin part of an orchestral score is two-voiced, but the two groups may be split into a great number. In one passage in *Tristan und Isolde*, Wagner divides his first and second violins into sixteen groups. Such divisions, especially in the higher regions, are productive of entrancing effects.

The halo of sound which streams from the beginning and end of the *Lohengrin* prelude is produced by this device. High and close harmonies from divided violins always sound ethereal. Besides their native tone quality (that resulting from a string stretched over a sounding shell set to vibrating by friction), the violins have a number of modified qualities resulting from changes in manipulation. Sometimes the strings are plucked (*pizzicato*), when the result is a short tone something like that of a banjo with the metallic clang omitted; very dainty effects can thus be produced, and though it always seems like a degradation of the instrument so pre-eminently suited to a broad singing style, no less significant a symphonist than Tschaïkowsky has written a scherzo in which the violins are played *pizzicato* throughout the movement. Ballet composers frequently resort to the piquant effect, but in the larger and more serious forms of composition the device is sparingly used. Differences in quality and expressiveness of tone are also produced by varied methods of applying the bow to the strings: with stronger or lighter pressure; near the bridge, which renders the tone hard and brilliant, and over the end of the finger-board, which softens it; in a continuous manner (*legato*), or detached (*staccato*). Weird effects in dramatic music are sometimes produced by striking the strings with the wood of the bow, Wagner resorting to this means to delineate the wicked glee of his dwarf Mime, and Meyerbeer to heighten the uncanniness of Nelusko's wild song in the third act of *L'Africaine*. Another class of effects results from the manner in which the strings are "stopped" by the fingers of the left hand. When they are not pressed firmly against the finger-board but touched lightly at certain places called nodes by the acousticians, so that the segments below the finger are permitted to vibrate along with the upper portion, those peculiar tones of a flute-like quality called harmonics are produced. These are oftener heard in dramatic music than in symphonies; but Berlioz, desiring to put Shakespeare's description of Queen Mab,

"Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams"—

into music in his dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," achieved a marvellously filmy effect by dividing his violins, and permitting some of them to play harmonics. Yet so little was his ingenious purpose suspected when he first brought the symphony forward in Paris, that one of the critics spoke contemptuously of this effect as sounding "like an ill-greased syringe." A quivering motion imparted to the fingers of the left hand in stopping the strings produces a tremulousness of tone akin to the *vibrato* of a singer; and, like the vocal *vibrato*, when not carried to excess, this effect is a potent expression of sentimental feeling. But it is much abused by solo players. Another modification of tone is caused by placing a tiny instrument called a sordino upon the bridge. This clamps the bridge, makes it heavier, and checks the vibrations, so that the tone is muted or muffled, and at times sounds mysterious.

These devices, though as a rule they have their maximum of effectiveness in the violins, are possible also on the violas, violoncellos, and double-basses, which, as I have already intimated, are but violins of a larger growth. The *pizzicato* is, indeed, oftenest heard from the double-basses, where it has a much greater eloquence than on the violins. In music of a sombre cast, the short, deep tones given out by the plucked strings of the contra-bass sometimes have the awfulness of gigantic heart-throbs. The difficulty of producing the other effects grows with the increase of difficulty in handling the instruments, this being due to the growing thickness of the strings and the wideness of the points at which they must be stopped. One effect peculiar to them all—the most used of all effects, indeed, in dramatic music—is the *tremolo*, produced by dividing a tone into many quickly reiterated short tones by a rapid motion of the bow. This device came into use with one of the earliest pieces of dramatic music. It is two centuries old, and was first used to help in the musical delineation of a combat. With scarcely an exception, the varied means which I have described can be detected by those to whom they are not already familiar by watching the players while listening to the music.

The viola is next in size to the violin, and is tuned at the interval of a fifth lower. Its highest string is A, which is the second string of the violin, and its lowest, C. Its tone, which sometimes contains a comical suggestion of a boy's voice in mutation, is lacking in incisiveness and brilliancy, but for this it compensates by a wonderful richness and filling quality, and a pathetic and inimitable mournfulness in melancholy music. It blends beautifully with the violoncello, and is often made to double that instrument's part for the sake of color effect—as, to cite a familiar instance, in the principal subject of the Andante in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The strings of the violoncello are tuned like those of the viola, but an octave lower. It is the knee-fiddle (*viole da gamba*) of the last century, as the viola is the arm-fiddle (*viole da braccio*), and got its old name from the position in which it is held by the player. The 'cello's voice is a bass—it might be called the barytone of the choir—and in the olden time of simple writing, little else was done with it than to double the bass part one octave higher. But modern composers, appreciating its marvellous capacity for expression, which is next to that of the violin, have treated it with great freedom and independence as a solo instrument. Its tone is full of voluptuous languor. It is the sighing lover of the instrumental company, and can speak the language of tender passion like none of its fellows. The ravishing effect of a multiplication of its voices is tellingly exemplified in the opening of the overture to *William Tell*, which is written for five solo 'celli, though it is oftenest heard in an arrangement which gives two of the middle parts to violas. When Beethoven wished to produce the emotional impression of a peacefully murmuring brook in his "Pastoral" symphony, he gave a murmuring figure to the divided violoncellos, and Wagner uses the passionate accents of four of these instruments playing in harmony to support Siegmund when he is pouring out the ecstasy of his love in the first act of *Die Walküre*. In the love scene of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony it is the violoncello which personifies the lover, and holds converse with the modest oboe. The patriarchal double-bass is known to all, and also its mission of providing the foundation for the harmonic structure of orchestral music. It sounds an octave lower than the music written for it, being what is called a transposing instrument of 16-foot tone. Solos are seldom written for this instrument in orchestral music, though Beethoven, with his daring recitatives in the Ninth Symphony, makes it a mediator between the instrumental and vocal forces. Dragonetti and Bottesini, two Italians, the latter of whom is still alive, won great fame as solo-players on the unwieldy instrument. The latter uses a small bass-viol, and strings it with harp strings; but Dragonetti played a full double-bass, on which he could execute the most difficult passages written for the violoncello. He was a very eccentric man, who collected a vast number of dolls, one of which, a black one, he carried about with him, and called his wife. He spoke a singular patois, compounded of the dialect of his native province, English, French, and other languages. It is related that once, when he had delighted Napoleon by his wonderful performance, the Emperor, in antique fashion, summoned the artist, and asked him to say what favor he desired as a reward. Dragonetti began a speech which Napoleon could not understand. He interrupted the speaker with, "M. Dragonetti, have your contra-bass brought, and play your request, then I'll surely understand you."

II.—THE WOOD WINDS.

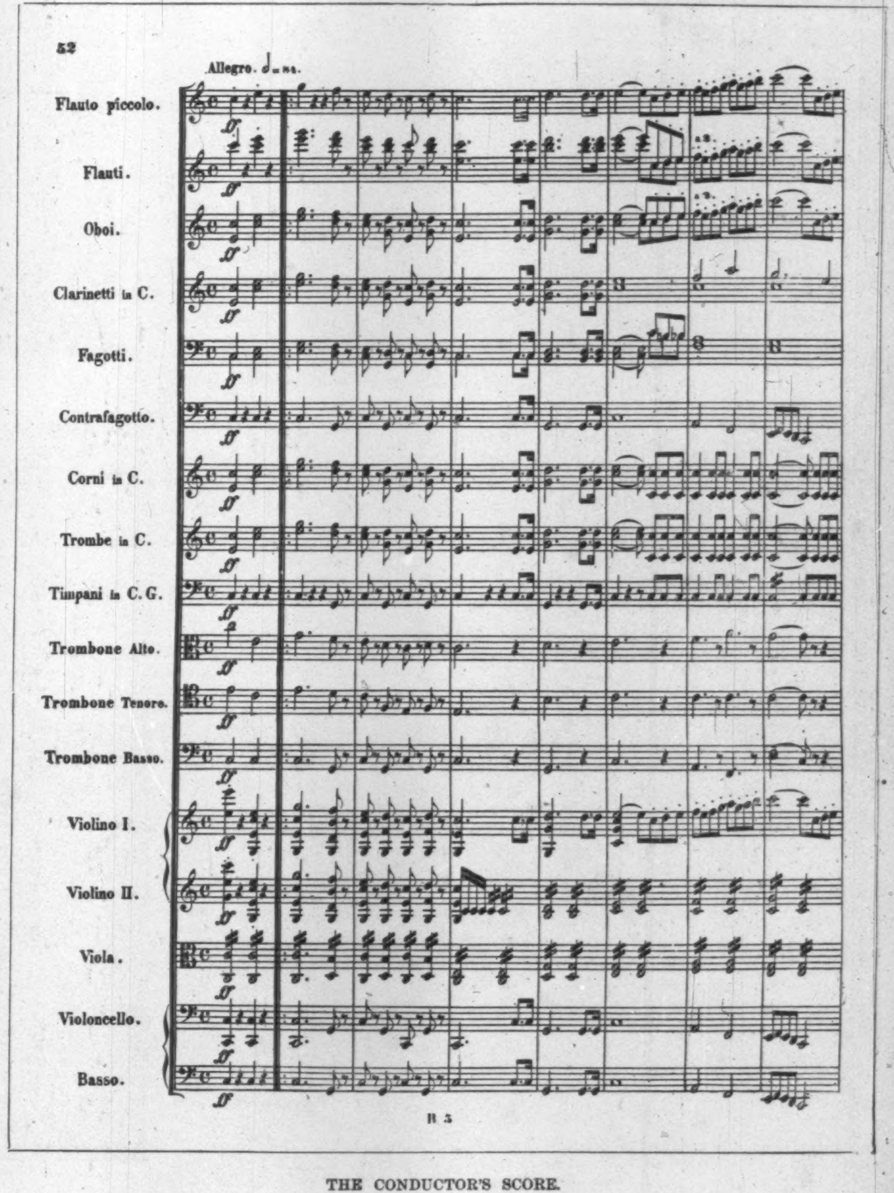
Since the instruments of the wood-wind choir are frequently used in solos, their acquaintance can easily be made by an observing amateur. To this division of the orchestra belong the gentle accents in the instrumental language. Violent expression is not its province, and generally when the band is discoursing in heroic style or giving voice to brave or angry emotion the wood winds are either silent or are used to give weight to the body of tone rather than color. Each of the instruments has a strongly characteristic voice, which adapts itself best to a certain style of music; but by use of different registers and by combinations among them or with the instruments of the other choirs, a wide range of expression within the limits suggested has been won for the wood-winds.

The flute, which requires no description, is, for instance, an essentially soulless instrument; but its marvellous agility and the effectiveness with which its tones can be blended with others make it one of the most useful instruments in the band. Its native character, heard in the compositions written for it as a solo instrument, has prevented it from being looked upon with dignity. As a rule, brilliancy is all that is expected from it. It is a sort of *soprano leggiero* with a small range of superficial feelings. It can sentimentalize, and, as Dryden says, be "soft, complaining," but when we hear it pour forth a veritable ecstasy of jubilation, as it does in the dramatic climax of Beethoven's overture "Leonore No. 3," we marvel at the transformation effected by the composer. Advantage has also been taken of the difference between its high and low tones, and now in some romantic music, as in Raff's "Lenore" symphony, or the prayer of Agathe in *Der Freischütz*, the hollowness of the low tones produces a mysterious effect that is exceedingly striking. Still, the fact remains that the native voice of the instrument, though sweet, is expressionless compared with that of the oboe or clarinet. Modern composers sometimes write for three flutes; but in the older writers, when a third flute is used, it is generally an octave flute, or piccolo flute—a tiny instrument whose aggressiveness of voice is out of all proportion to its diminutiveness of body. This is the instrument which shrieks and whistles, when the band is playing at storm-making, to imitate the sound of the wind. It sounds an octave higher than is indicated by the notes in its part, and so is what is called a transposing instrument of four-foot tone. It revels in military music, which is proper, for it is an own cousin to the ear-piercing fife, which annually makes up for its long silence in the noisy days before political elections. When you hear a composition in march time, with bass and snare drum, cymbals and triangle, such as the Germans call "Turkish" or "Janizary" music, you may be sure to hear also the piccolo flute. The flute is doubtless one of the oldest instruments in the world. The primitive cave-dwellers made flutes of the leg bones of birds and other animals, an origin of which a record is preserved in the Latin name *tibia*. The first wooden flutes were doubtless the Pandean pipes, in which the tone was produced by blowing across the open ends of hollow reeds. The present method, already known to the ancient Egyptians, of closing the upper end, and creating the tone by blowing across a hole cut in the side, is only a modification of the method pursued, according to classic tradition, by Pan when he breathed out his dejection at the loss of the nymph Syrinx, by blowing across the tuneful reeds which were that nymph in her metamorphosed state.

The flute or pipe of the Greeks and Romans was only distantly related to the true flute, but was the ancestor of its orchestral companions, the oboe and clarinet. These instruments are sounded by being blown in at the end, and the tone is created by vibrating reeds, whereas in the flute it is the result of the impinging of the air on the edge of the hole called the embouchure, and the consequent stirring of the column of air in the flue of the instrument. The reeds are thin slips or blades of cane. The size and bore of the instruments and the difference between these reeds are the causes of the differences in tone quality between these relatives. The oboe or hautboy, English horn, and the bassoon have what are called double reeds. Two narrow blades of cane are fitted closely together, and fastened with silk on a small metal tube extending from the upper end of the instrument in the case of the oboe and English horn, from the side in the case of the bassoon. The reeds are pinched more or less tightly between the lips, and are set to vibrating by the breath. The oboe is naturally associated with music of a pastoral character. It is pre-eminently a melody instrument, and though its voice comes forth shrinkingly, its uniqueness of tone makes it easily heard. It is a most lovable instrument. "Candor, artless grace, soft joy, or the grief of a fragile being suits the oboe's accents," says Berlioz. The peculiarity of its mouthpiece gives its tone a reedy or vibrating quality totally unlike the clarinet's. Its natural alto is the English horn, which is an oboe of larger growth, with curved tube for convenience of manipulation. The tone of the English horn is fuller, nobler, and is very attractive in melancholy or dreamy music. There are few players on the English horn in this country, and it might be set down as a rule that outside of New York, Boston, and Chicago (since Mr. Thomas has gone thither) the English-horn parts are played by the oboe in America. No melody displays the true character of the English horn better than the "Ranz des Vaches" in the overture to Rossini's *William Tell*, that lovely Alpine song which the flute embroiders with exquisite ornament. One of the noblest utterances of the oboe is the melody of the funeral march in Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, in which its tenderness has beautiful play. It is sometimes used effectively in imitative music. In Haydn's *Seasons*, and also in that grotesque tone poem by Saint-Saëns, the "Danse Macabre," it gives the cock crow. It is the timid oboe that sounds the A for the orchestra to tune by.

The grave voice of the oboe is heard from the bassoon, where, without becoming assertive, it gains a quality entirely unknown to the oboe and English horn. It is this quality that makes the bassoon the humorist *par excellence* of the orchestra. It is a reedy bass, very apt to recall to those who have had a country education the squalling tone of the homely instrument which the farmer's boy fashions out of the stems of the pumpkin-vine. The humor of the bassoon is an unconscious humor, and results from the use made of its abysmally solemn voice. This solemnity in quality is paired with astonishing flexibility of utterance, so that its gambols are always grotesque. Brahms permits the bassoon to intone the "Fuchslied" of the German students in his *Academic* overture. Beethoven achieves a decidedly comical effect by a stubborn reiteration of key-note, fifth, and octave by the bassoon under a rustic dance intoned by the oboe in the scherzo of his *Pastoral* symphony; and nearly every modern composer has taken advantage of the instrument's *naïf grotesquerie*. Mendelssohn introduces the clowns in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream* music by a droll dance for two bassoons over a sustained bass note from the violoncellos; but when Meyerbeer wanted a very different effect, a ghastly one indeed, in the scene of the resuscitation of the nuns in his *Robert le Diable*, he got it by taking two bassoons as solo instruments and using their weak middle tones, which, Berlioz says, have "a pale, cold, cadaverous sound." Singularly enough, Handel resorted to a similar device in his *Saul*, to accompany the vision of the Witch of Endor. In all these cases a great deal depends upon the relation between the character of the melody and the nature of the instrument to which it is set. A swelling martial fanfare may be made absurd by changing it from trumpets to a weak-voiced wood wind. It is only the string quartet that speaks all the musical languages of passion and emotion. The double-bassoon is so large an instrument that it has to be bent on itself to bring it under the control of the player. It sounds an octave lower than the written notes. It is not brought often into the orchestra, but speaks very much to the purpose in Brahms's beautiful variations on a theme by Haydn, and the glorious finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The clarinet is the most eloquent member of the wood-wind choir, and, except some of its own modifications or the modifications of the oboe and bassoon, the latest arrival in the harmonious company. It is only a little more than a century old. It has the widest range of expression of the wood-winds, and its chief structural difference is in its mouth-piece. It has a single flat reed, which is much wider than that of the oboe or bassoon, and is fastened by a metallic band and screw to the flattened side of the mouth-piece, whose other side is cut down chisel shape for convenience. Its voice is rich, mellow, less reedy, and much fuller and more limpid than the voice of the oboe, which Berlioz tries to describe by analogy as "sw-et-sour." It is very flexible, too, and has a range of over three and a half octaves. Its high tones are sometimes shrieky, however, and the full beauty of the instrument is only disclosed when it sings in the middle register. Every



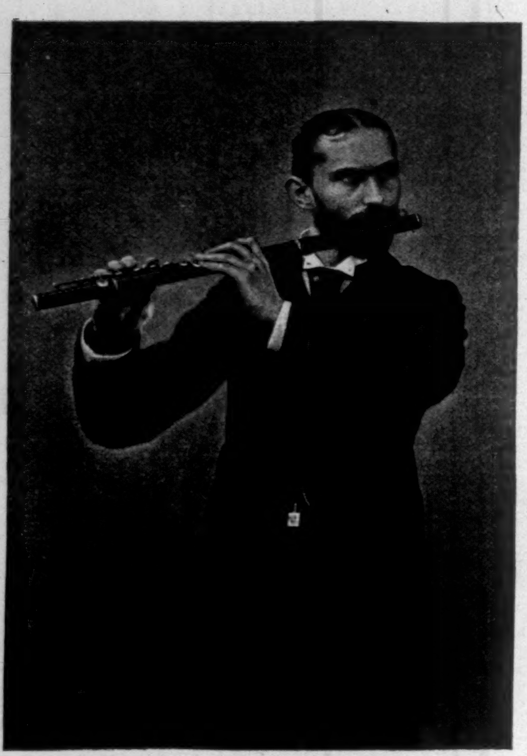
THE CONDUCTOR'S SCORE.

First Page Finale of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony.

symphony and overture contains passages for the clarinet which serve to display its characteristics. Among the most distinguished performers on the instrument that ever lived were the grandfather and father of Karl Baermann, the pianist of Boston. Clarinets are made of different sizes for different keys, the smallest being that in E-flat, with an unpleasantly piercing tone, whose use is confined to military bands. There is also an alto clarinet and a bass clarinet. The bell of the latter instrument is bent upward, pipe fashion, and its voice is peculiarly impressive and noble. It is a favorite solo instrument in Liszt's symphonic poems.

III.—THE BRASS.

The fundamental principle of the instruments last described is the production of tone by vibrating reeds. In the instruments of the brass choir, the duty of the reeds is performed by the lips of the player. Variety of tone in respect of quality is produced by variations in size, shape, and modifications in parts like the bell and mouth-piece. The *forte* of the orchestra receives the bulk of its puissance from the brass instruments, which, nevertheless, can give voice to an extensive gamut of sentiments and feelings. There is nothing more cheery and jocund than the flourishes of the horns, but also nothing more mild and soothing than the songs which sometimes they sing. There is nothing more solemn and religious than the harmony of the trombones, while "the trumpet's loud clangor" is the very voice of a warlike spirit. All of these instruments have undergone important changes within the last few score years. The classical composers, almost down to our own time, were


FLUTE.—(Otto Stoeckert.)

restricted in the use of them because they were merely natural tubes, and their notes were limited to the notes which inflexible tubes can produce. Within this century, however, they have all been transformed from imperfect diatonic instruments to perfect chromatic instruments. That is to say, every brass instrument which is in use now can give out all the semitones within its compass. This has been accomplished through the agency of valves, by means of which differing lengths of the sonorous tube are brought within the command of the players. In the case of the trombones an exceedingly venerable means of accomplishing the same end is applied. The tube is in part made double, one part sliding over the other. By moving his arm, the player lengthens or shortens the tube, and thus changing the key of the instrument, acquires all the tones which can be obtained from so many tubes of different lengths. The mouth-pieces of the trumpet, trombone, and tuba are cup-shaped, and larger than the mouth-piece of the horn, which is little else than a flare of the slender tube, sufficiently wide to receive enough of the player's lips to form the embouchure, or human reed, as it might here be named.

The French horn, as it is called in the orchestra, is the sweetest and mellowest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was but little else than the old hunting-horn, which, for the convenience of the mounted hunter, was arranged in spiral convolutions that it might be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it the *Waldhorn, i.e.* "forest horn;" the old French name was *cor de chasse*, the Italian *corno di caccia*. In this instrument formerly, the tones which were not the natural resonances of the harmonic division of the tube were helped out by partly closing the bell with the right hand, it having been discovered accidentally that by putting the hand into the lower end of the tube—the flaring part called the bell—the pitch of a tone was raised. Players still make use of this method for convenience, and sometimes because a composer wishes to employ the slightly muffled effect of these tones, but since valves have been added to the instrument, it is possible to play a chromatic scale in what are called the unstopped or open tones. Formerly, too, it was necessary to use horns of different pitch, and composers still respect this tradition, and designate the key of the horns which they wish to have employed; but so skilful have the players become that, as a rule, they use horns whose fundamental tone is F for all keys, and achieve the old purpose by simply transposing the music as they read it. If these most graceful instruments were straightened out they would be seventeen feet long. The convolutions of the horn and the many turns of the trumpet are all the fruit of necessity; they could not be manipulated to produce the tones that are asked of them if they were not bent and curved. The trumpet, when its tube is lengthened by the addition of crooks for its lowest key, is eight feet long; the tuba, sixteen. In most orchestras (in all of those in the United States, in fact, except the Boston Symphony Orchestra) the word trumpet is merely a euphemism for cornet, the familiar leading instrument of the brass band, which, while it falls short of the trumpet in the quality of its tone, in the upper registers especially, is a more easily manipulated instrument than the trumpet, and is preferable in the lower tones. Mendelssohn is quoted as having

BASSOON.—(Fe

OBOE.—(Joseph Eller.)

CLARINET.—(Henry Kaiser.)

CORNET.—(Adam Seiferth.)

FRENCH HORN.—(Carl Pieper.)

KETTLE-DRUMS.—(S

(…RNHARDL.)

said that the trombones "are too sacred to use often." They have, indeed, a majesty and nobility all their own, and the lowest use to which they can be put is to furnish a flaring and noisy harmony in an orchestral *tutti*. They are marvellously expressive instruments, and without a peer in the whole instrumental company when a solemn and spiritually uplifting effect is to be attained. They can also be made to sound menacing and lugubrious, devout and mocking, pompously heroic, majestic, and lofty. They are often the heralds of the orchestra, and make sonorous proclamations.

The classic composers always seemed to approach the trombones with marked respect, but nowadays it requires a very big blue-pencil in the hands of a very uncompromising conservatory professor to prevent a student engaged on his *Opus* 1 from keeping his trombones going half the time at least. It is an old story how Mozart keeps the instruments silent through three-fourths of his immortal *Don Giovanni*, so that they may enter with overwhelming impressiveness along with the ghostly visitor of the concluding scene. As a rule, there are three trombones in the modern orchestra—two tenors and a bass. Formerly there were four kinds, bearing the names of the voices to which they were supposed to be nearest in tone-quality and compass—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Full four-part harmony is now performed by the three trombones and the tuba. The latter instrument which, despite its gigantic size, is an exceedingly tractable instrument, can "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Far-away and strangely mysterious tones are got out of the brass instruments, chiefly the cornet and horn, by almost wholly closing the bell.

IV.—THE DRUMS

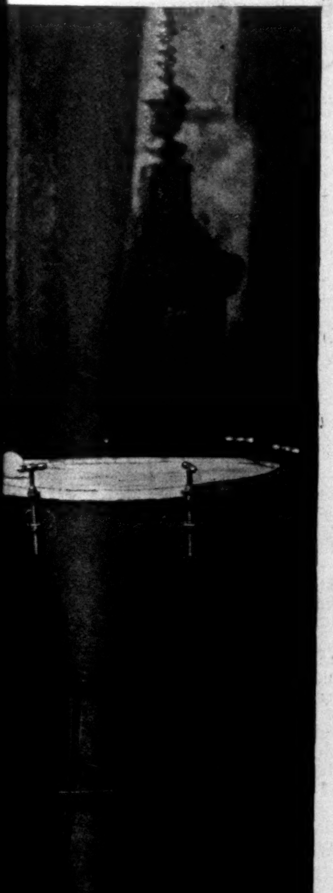
The percussion apparatus of the modern orchestra includes a multitude of instruments scarcely deserving of description. Several varieties of drums, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, steel bars (*Glockenspiel*), gongs, bells, and many other things which we are now inclined to look upon as toys rather than as musical instruments, are brought into play for reasons more or less fantastic. Saint-Saëns has even utilized the barbarous xylophone, whose …per place is the variety hall, in his "Danse Macabre." …ere his purpose was a fantastic one, and the effect is …ital. The pictorial conceit at the bottom of the poem …ich the music illustrates is Death, as a skeleton, seat… on a tombstone, playing the viol, and gleefully crack… his bony heels against the marble. To produce this …ect, the composer uses the xylophone with capital …ults. But of all the ordinary instruments of percus…n, the only one that is really musical and deserving comment is the kettle-drum. This instrument is …re musical than the others because it has pitch. Its …ce is not mere noise, but musical noise. Kettle-…ms, or tympani, are generally used in pairs, though … vast multiplication of effects by modern composers … resulted also in the extension of this department of … band. It is seldom that more than two pairs are …d, a good player with a quick ear, like Mr. Bernstein, … Mr. Seidl's orchestra, being able to accomplish all …t Wagner asks of six drums by his deftness in chan…g the pitch of the instruments. This work of tuning …till performed generally in what seems a rudimentary …y, though a German drum-builder named Pfund has …ented a contrivance by which the player, by simply pressing on a balanced pedal and watching an indicator affixed to the side of the drums, can change the pitch to any desired semitone within the range of an octave.

The tympani are hemispherical brass or copper vessels, kettles in short, covered with vellum heads. The pitch of the instrument depends on the tension of the head, which is applied generally by key screws working through the iron ring which holds the vellum. There is a difference in the size of the drums to place at the command of the player the octave from F in the first space below the bass staff to F on the fourth line of the same staff. Formerly the purpose of the drums was simply to give emphasis, and they were then uniformly tuned to the key-note and fifth of the key in which a composition was set. Now they are tuned in many ways, not only to allow for the frequent change of keys, but also so that they may be used as harmony instruments. Berlioz did more to develop the drums than any composer who has ever lived, though Beethoven already manifested appreciation of their independent musical value. In the last movement of his Eighth Symphony and the scherzo of his Ninth, he tunes them in octaves, his purpose in the latter case being to give the opening figure, an octave leap, of the scherzo melody to the drums solo. The most extravagant use ever made of the drums, however, was by Berlioz in his "Messe des Morts," where he calls in eight pairs of drums and ten players to help him to paint his tonal picture of the terrors of the last judgment. The post of drummer is one of the most difficult to fill in a symphonic orchestra. He is required to have not only a perfect sense of time and

PICCOLO FLUTE.—(C. KURTH, JUN.)

BASS CLARINET.—(HENRY KAISER.)

ENGLISH HORN.—(JOSEPH ELLER.)



(…RNSTEIN.)

BASS TUBA.—(ANTON REITER.)

TROMBONE.—(J. PFEIFFENSCHNEIDER.)

rhythm, but also a keen sense of pitch, for often the composer asks him to change the pitch of one or both of his drums in the space of a very few seconds. He must then be able to shut all other sounds out of his mind, and bring his drums into a new key while the orchestra is playing—an extremely nice task.

The development of modern orchestral music has given dignity also to the bass drum, which, though definite pitch is denied to it, is now manipulated in a variety of ways productive of striking effects. Rolls are played on it with the sticks of the kettle-drums, and it has been emancipated measurably from the cymbals, which in vulgar brass-band music are its inseparable companions.

A NIGHT WITH THE RIVER POLICE.

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

Time was when it was as dangerous to pass the night in New York Harbor as it is now to camp on the plains of Arizona or New Mexico. The city Apache was then about as desperate a ruffian as his red brother in crime of the border. But all that is changed, and a handsome, quiet-looking gentleman in gold-laced uniform, who walks Broadway every day, was one of the chief factors in the change. His name is Elbert O. Smith, and he is Captain of the Broadway Squad. For the past eight or nine months he has been that, but for many years prior to that he was Captain of the side-wheel steamer *Patrol* and of the Harbor Police.

Captain Henry D. Hooker is Captain Smith's successor. After falling over several barrels, and running into a number of row-boats that line Pier A, North River, I crawled up the side of the police boat *Patrol*.

The *Patrol* is a boat of 440 tons. She was built in Leary's ship-yard, in Greenpoint, Long Island, nine years ago. She is 155 feet long and 30 feet in beam. She is always under steam and ready for business. She has four pumps and eight lines of hose, capable of throwing eight streams of water a distance of 200 feet. Those streams are often trained on burning piers and vessels, and sometimes upon free and easy excursionists on river barges, who attempt to cut the *Patrol's* cables when her officers would come alongside to make fast preparatory to boarding the aforementioned barges to make it interesting for the Smoky Hollow and Cherry Hill gangs of merry fighters.

The *Patrol's* hunting-grounds cover the liquid territory from Pier A to Yonkers on the north, from the same pier to Bronx River on the east side, and from that identical pier to Robbins Reef on the south. In case of danger to any number of men or vessels beyond the latter point, she will go as far as the lights of Sandy Hook, in sunshine or in storm, mid-day or the noon of night. But she won't go out after dark unless it is absolutely necessary; and since we have fallen upon these degenerate times of security, it isn't often necessary. But three of her children, in the shape of row-boats, are in commission all the time. There are twenty-one men divided into three crews—that means, that there are seven men in each boat—one section off, one section in reserve, and one section on patrol, day and night. The *Patrol* is heated by steam throughout. The Captain's room is a bower; the officers' rooms are as neat as yours; the pantry is worthy of a New England farm-house; and the two pilot-rooms are as neat as two of Pope's couplets. There is a saloon-deck large enough for Mr. Ned Harrigan's Jim-jam Sailors Superfine to get that way on; and a kitchen appetizing enough to look at after four or five hours on the river in one of the *Patrol's* row-boats—say about six o'clock in the morning. Then there is the engineer's room; and the general office, in which is a telegraphic apparatus and a telephone, connecting with Police Headquarters.

There are about forty-two people on board the *Patrol* when they all step up to the Captain's office. They eat and sleep aboard when they are not off duty and in the bosoms of their respective families. You may want to know that the *Patrol* hails from the Twenty-fourth Precinct, if ever you have any messages to send from an outgoing steamer at the last moment to Wall Street about margins.

The *Patrol* can steam fourteen knots an hour when chasing so-called "wharf rats." She can also get away from Pier A in one minute from the time of receiving orders. She can swoop down on a barge or an island, where a prize-fight may be the order of the day, in the most approved style. A few years ago she stole up to a place near Yonkers, and captured a party of sporting men and pugilists to the number of 108.

There are no handcuffs aboard the *Patrol*, no cannon, no rifles; only revolvers in the pockets of the crew, and clubs in their belts. They and the law are sufficient. Nobody knows what would have happened at all the great yacht-races in New York Harbor, and during the festivities attending the unveiling of Liberty, if those revolvers, men, and the *Patrol* had not been around.

At night the men in the row-boats are always on the move. They make no fuss about it at all. Their grappling-hooks, clubs, and revolvers are ready for work, and their dark lanterns are ready to astonish the wicked enough to make them weary. The wicked come from Roosevelt, South, West, and Division streets, and the "Tenth Avenue Gang" is one of the most dangerous of all. There is not much danger on moonlight nights, for the rats keep under the piers then, and in the groggeries along Water Street and the river-fronts; but on foggy nights, or dark, rainy ones, the thief is generally cautiously swimming or rowing about, to relieve some pier or schooner of a bale of goods or barrel of whiskey. The rats often go down into the cabins and pillage. They do not hesitate to bite if cornered, nor to squeal if caught. They are the most miserable of cowards, unless you happen to encounter them in crowds of from six to ten. Then numbers make them reckless, and they are dangerous. They dread the river police far more than the land officers. Every man on the river police has been tried and not found wanting. He does not obtain his position through the rumsellers, but through absolute worth. The river policemen are either able seamen or the sons of them or of fishermen. They are all physically as hard as flint, and their contempt for the dock rat is large, vigorous, expressive, and supreme. They know all the rat holes along the river, and every tide and current. If they corner the rats, and if the rats show fight, these flowers of the force gladly meet them more than half way. They are rather quiet fellows, and would no more think of boasting than they would of running away from danger.

WHAT THE WIRES SAY.

BY FRED MILLER SMITH.

It was not my fault that I heard what the girl in the next office said to the telephone. Our place was so small that I had to have the door open to get a draught and keep cool. I think I never knew such a hot summer. And then the girl *would* talk so loudly. I don't see why women always talk louder through a telephone than a man does, but they do nevertheless. Of course you will say that I ought not to have listened; that I ought to have been intent on my work, and all that; but how can you expect a man to be always interested in a tax duplicate, with its everlasting copy, copy, with its Browns and Joneses, its Schnitzduffers and its Van Dusens? So when somebody in the next office begins to talk to somebody in another office, you've got to listen, you can't help it.

I remember pretty well the first conversation that was anything out of the ordinary. It was a piping hot day at the last of June. I had just got to Baker in the first duplicate, and I was leaning back in my chair, soaking the tip of my blotter in the ink well, and trying my best to waste ink. The telephone bell in the next office rang, and a man answered. He said,

"Well?"

"Yes, Ella is here."

There was a little rustle, and then I heard the girl say,

"Well?"

"Yes, it's me. Is that you, Mary?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"No; nothing unusual."

"Have I seen Maud's cousin? No; I didn't know she had a cousin coming. Why?"

"Have you?"

"Where did you see him?"

"Why, yes; I'll try to come up. What sort of a looking person is he?"

"Umph! I don't like dark people."

"That's worse. I absolutely detest a man who is literary. You always feel as though they were studying you."

"Oh yes, I'll come. Good-by. Is there to be any one else there?"

"Oh! All right. Good-by."

The next morning I arrived at the office a little late, and just as I got inside the door I heard the girl in the next office say—and she said it so loud that I knew she was telephoning:

"I had a lovely time; but, you know, it was a little annoying—the going-home part."

"I expected to go with Harry of course, but her cousin asked me in the middle of the evening, and I couldn't refuse. I should think he ought to have known better. Harry was a little angry over it, and so was I."

"Well, why couldn't he have gone with one of the other girls?"

"No; I tried to be very distant, and I let him do most of the talking."

"He does talk well, doesn't he?"

"Maud says he expects to go back to college in the fall."

"No, I hate picnics; besides, I can't get off. Are you?"

"To call? Why, certainly. I couldn't avoid it without snubbing him, and I couldn't do that even if he did force himself where he wasn't wanted."

"Don't be a goose!" and then she put up the 'phone with a bang and rung off, all in the same movement.

About a week after, just as I had got settled to an afternoon's work, I saw the girl come in. She was a little late, and had hardly time to take off her coat and hat before I heard her call 196. She said:

"Hello! I want to speak to Mary."

"Is that you, Mary?"

"I want Mary."

"Hello! What time are you going to that picnic to-morrow?"

"Do you mind if I go with you?"

"I didn't intend to at first, but I've changed my mind."

"Why, the idea! Of course not. I met him on the street on my way down, and, naturally, we walked down together."

"Don't be sarcastic, but honestly, now, he really didn't have a thing to do with my going."

"Oh, well, if you won't believe me, I can't make you."

"Then you'll stop for me on the way to the station?"

"Good-by. About seven o'clock. Yes."

It was some two weeks later. I was in the "T's" in Clay township, and I was hurrying to get through. After I get on the down grade of the alphabet, I always work faster.

But I heard the bell ring, and the girl in the next office called 196 and Mary. I couldn't hear what she said at first, but pretty soon she raised her voice.

"Do you know, I got myself into just the least bit of trouble about that piano recital."

"It was all a misunderstanding, and I was awfully sorry, but there wasn't any reason why Harry should be so vexed over it."

"Why, you see, Harry asked me the week before to go with him, and I made a mistake about the day, and refused, because I thought we were to have a dinner on that night. Afterwards I found out my mistake, and when Clarence—"

"Mr. Stevens, Maud's cousin."

"—when he asked me to go with him, I said I would, and I did. Harry heard about it, and it made him angry. He thought that since I refused him, I ought not to have gone at all."

"Oh, I haven't seen him; I heard that he said that."

"Oh yes, of course you take his part. I didn't mean to slight him, but if he wants to look at it in that way, he can, that's all. He ought to know that he's not tied to my apron-strings."

"*What* would you do?"

"No; I'll do nothing of the sort. He can stay away if he wants to."

"You're invited to Maud's for tea to-night, aren't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; two or three weeks, I guess. He's been offered a position on a newspaper, and he is considering whether to take that or go on with his college course."

"Oh, come, don't make fun of me. Certainly I like him better than I did at first. He's such a fascinating talker."

"Then I'll see you at Maud's."

The next afternoon I had to go into the next office to attend to some matters, and as Ella was alone, I stopped to talk to her, for she's a right pretty girl, is Ella, and rather nice to chat with. I hadn't been there more than two minutes when that infernal telephone broke in on us. Ella answered it.

"Well, who is it?" and then she said, "Oh!" rather joyfully, I thought. She looked around at me as though she wished I wasn't there, and I took the hint and sauntered out. As I went, I heard her say:

"What! To-night! I thought you were going to stay a month longer."

"Oh, you're going there, are you? Well, I'm afraid—"

"Perhaps you might walk down and meet me; I leave the office at five."

"It's just twenty minutes of three by this clock."

"I'll leave just at five by this clock."

"Yes. Good-by."

Early the next morning I heard the head man of their office call up "20—the Business College."

"I want you to send me the homeliest girl in your institution," said he.

"Six dollars a week."

"Eight to five."

"My office girl eloped last night with a young fellow she has known for a month. Good girl, but a trifle too romantic. Send me the homeliest one you can find, and be quick about it."

Then he rung off, and came into our office to talk it over, and I seemed to hear the girl say,

"He's such a fascinating talker."

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Concerning the awful destitution that prevails in the Kazan Province, on the banks of the Volga, the following letter was recently written by M. Mikhnevitch, a staff correspondent of the St. Petersburg *Novosti*, who, in company with a physician, made a tour of that district. I translate it from the *Dziennik Poznanski*, of Posen, Prussia. It was intended only for private circulation, as the Russian government is putting forth every possible effort to suppress the facts in regard to the suffering that is being endured by the perishing thousands.

"The famine is increasing at a most appalling rate. The aid thus far rendered the sufferers is but a drop in the ocean of distress. We came first to the village of Mikhaylovka, which comprises about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The place had the appearance of being quite deserted, as scarcely any one was seen upon the streets. On entering a peasant's house, our attention was first attracted to a bundle of rags and an old hat that were lying upon a bench. As the pile seemed occasionally to move, we turned it over, and were astonished to find the man of the household lying underneath, apparently suffering from a high fever. His body was almost rigid, and as the doctor examined him, he betrayed hardly any signs of life. His face was pale and expressionless, save, perhaps, as it indicated the abandonment of hope. His eyes were fixed on us, though they manifested not the slightest gleam of intelligence.

"Like all the residents of St. Petersburg, including the few who have rendered some assistance to the starving multitudes, I was quite ignorant of the actual state of affairs. This particular household was a sight terrible to behold; one which I will never forget. The one room which constituted their 'home' presented a picture of the most abject misery. A woman, with her face horribly swollen, lay upon the floor as if dead. She was scarcely recognizable as a human being, neither eyes nor nose being visible for the mass of bluish flesh into which disease had transformed her features. In one corner lay a fifteen-year-old boy, whose legs and arms were in a most pitiable state of emaciation. He was unable to move, for his stomach was swollen to an abnormal size—in painful contrast with his limbs—presenting a monstrosity more horrible than could be conceived by the most imaginative caricaturist in the world. Two other members of this family were sick with typhoid fever—the peasant's wife and her five-year-old boy. The only one who seemed able to move about was a thin, miserable-looking girl of thirteen years. There was not even a crust of bread to be found anywhere about the room. Not a cow nor a fowl was to be seen; everything living in the shape of a domestic animal was killed and eaten.

"In other houses of that village we found conditions of distress more horrible, if possible, than those described above. Women, children, and even tender infants were lying about on benches, dying in terrible agony. The scene beggars description. We found nine hundred victims of hunger and the maladies which it produces in that one village, with only a few nurses to care for them. They were left to die by those whose strength enabled them to escape from the scene before the famine took the epidemic form.

"Just think of it! In Kazan Province alone there are 950,000 human beings dying of hunger, while fifteen neighboring provinces contain twenty-seven millions of people almost as bad! A truly pathetic picture is presented by these millions of peasants dying the slow death of starvation without a murmur, while the Government Relief Committee have as yet only *discussed* a means of alleviating the distress! The deliberations of this distinguished commission, under the presidency of the Czarowitz, are securely bound with red tape and impenetrable mystery, though, thus far, they have seemed to consist mainly in diligent efforts to suppress all accurate news relating to a calamity unparalleled in the history of this sorrow-stricken empire. Perhaps this is why the civilized nations of the globe have as yet looked only with apparent indifference upon this lamentable situation. But I am proud to note that the United States were the first to offer assistance, which was gratefully accepted; while, through the mule-like stupidity of the autocrat on the Russian throne, the prompt aid of England was peremptorily refused. This was a crime which the enlightened peoples of the world should not condone—a crime against humanity to stand in the way of succor offered to the millions of our race who are dying on the way-side for want of bread! True, it was but a mouthful, but the spirit of its reception by the hereditary oppressor may give a clew to the causes that have led up to this awful state of affairs.

"The fact is, it will require at least two billion rubles [a billion dollars] to provide the food, clothing, seed, and cattle that shall be necessary to tide over this disaster, and it is needed at once. Count Tolstoï, with the help of his wife, two sons, and two daughters, is feeding over a thousand families. In Moscow he has started a relief fund, while at many other points he has opened soup kitchens, to which the famishing people flock in thousands, blessing the philanthropist's honored name. His address is 15 Dolgokhamonicheski Pereoulok, Moscow, Russia. All lovers of humanity who desire to aid in this worthy cause by prompt donations may send their contributions to the above address, through bankers in all parts of the world doing business in Russia, and all such may rest assured of its safe transmission and intelligent distribution.

"If the needed relief be not immediate and abundant, we may expect in the spring an epidemic of disease which will menace not only the lives of the Russian survivors, but also the entire population of the European and Asiatic continents. It will thus be seen that other nations, in this emergency, have a political and practical as well as a moral and Christian duty to perform.

"It has been estimated by expert statisticians that to sustain the lives of these 5,000,000 families till next harvest there shall be required 9,000,000,000 pounds of grain, 50,000,000 rubles for the purchase of seed, 4,500,000,000 pounds of meat; 750,000,000 rubles for the purchase of horses, cows, sheep, hogs, and poultry; and 50,000,000 rubles for clothes. I am pleased thus to be able to give the outside world a rough idea of the extent and the probable consequences of this famine."

Evidences everywhere abound that the ter-

rible situation is the direct and logical result of the despotic system of government, which is maintained by 1,500,000 soldiers, besides an immense army of police and spies. Contributory if not primary causes are involved in the agrarian or land question, and the outrageous taxation of the peasantry which has been going on for centuries.

Let the untrammelled press of free America open its columns to the receipt of such donations of money as the great heart of that blessed people may dispose them to offer, and thereby set an example which other nations may be proud to emulate.

COUNTESS NORRAIKOW.

A DRIFT FROM BUCK RUN.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

FOR an April day it was pretty warm. People who still wore their winter underclothes felt stuffy in the afternoon sun, that in southern Kansas begins to assert itself remarkably early, and thought wistfully of the cool gauze and nainsook packed away in the bottom bureau drawer at home.

Hemmingway, who was rather fleshy, and had been using the net for the past few minutes, turned round to me, his face very red, and covered with perspiration. "It is no use," he said, despairingly. "We might as well go back to the store. There aren't enough minnows in the whole of Buck Run to go fishing with once. It's been too dry a winter, and no spring rises. What few there were have been caught already."

"What time does the creek generally rise?" I asked, for lack of anything better to say.

"Any time it rains—now or sooner. I have seen it all over this bottom at this season, and the people getting out like rats."

"It comes up to those houses, then?"

"Well, I guess you'd think so. Why, one time, when the ice pond above broke away, a house floated right over where we are standing, and a baby was drowned over there by the old brewery."

"Why, then, do these people build down here?" I asked, with awakened interest.

"Why? Why do people always build in such places? In the first place, they are a poor, miserable lot that rather enjoy the yearly or semi-yearly overflow, when it doesn't come up too high. It gives them a little excitement, and their lives are uneventful enough, God knows! Many of them are colored people, and the whites are even worse, if anything. I think they are never happier than when the slack-water backs up from the river, and gets just to the door-sill. Then the whole family go wading, and watch the rise and fall by the drift line on their bare legs."

"And I suppose lots down here are rather cheap, too," I said, laughing.

"Oh yes; no value at all scarcely. More worthless than the houses, and you see what they are."

"And they rebuilt the ice dam?"

"Of course. You don't expect people to do without ice for such riffraff as this, do you?" and Hemmingway laughed, with a contempt for poverty which I knew was not genuine.

We were walking slowly back in the direction of the business centre, following down the broad hollow that divided the city, and through the centre of which ran the uncertain watercourse known as Buck Run.

It was my first year in this pleasant little city. I was not doing much as yet. I had a small office, where I kept my wading-boots and brass rod, and dealt out legal advice in homœopathic doses. Hemmingway, who had been my earliest acquaintance, had continued to be my companion in such sport as the country afforded. He was a fine-looking, broad-shouldered, good-natured fellow, an enthusiastic fisherman, fond of good cigars, and, in moderation, such other refreshments as only a prohibition State can adequately supply. He was a partner in a large wholesale grocery house located somewhat out of the business centre. The building fronted on the main thoroughfare, while the rear entrance of the basement was a little way up the sloping ground that overlooked the bottom-land lying adjacent to the run.

Reaching the cool shade in the rear of Hemmingway, Masters, & Martin's, we seated ourselves on some boxes to rest. A number of drays were loading and unloading on the wide platform near us. A narrow street at our right sloped from the wide one above, making a rather steep descent until it reached the level ground just below the store, crossing this flat on a six-foot rock fill that ended at the massive arch culvert which spanned the run. Beyond this culvert was another fill, which the road crossed, then, rising again somewhat abruptly, it disappeared over a little wooded hill. Just below the culvert, on the opposite bank, there was a miserable box shanty.

"Trade pretty good, isn't it?" I asked, after a pause.

"Yes, tip-top; never better. Opening of the Oklahoma country is a big thing for us. Everybody rushing in, and nobody got anything to eat."

"Does the water ever come up this high?" reverting to the former subject.

"Never knew it to. It is possible, however. Heavy rains raise the creek very quickly sometimes, although it's the backwater from the river that generally comes highest. We never keep much in the basement that water could injure. I've got a boat, too," he added, laughing; "made it out of an old show-case box; thought I might need it some time."

"It would be bad on the folks down there if you did."

"Yes; it would make a clean sweep."

"I suppose we will have to give up fishing to-morrow."

"Yes—no—perhaps not. See that little house down there by the bridge? Well, there's a family lives there—one of the lowest probably of the entire hollow. No father, I think, at least none regular—maybe never was. Mother's an ignorant, fat, dirty old scum of the earth; one boy, nearly grown, is a half-wit, and has St. Vitus's dance; another boy, younger, with more sense, and the image of the old lady; a girl between the two that seems to be sort of a compromise—kind of a general average—not quite so dirty, not quite so silly, but frightfully ignorant. All live, eat, and sleep in one room. Ugh!" and Hemmingway shivered as though a galvanic shock had flashed over him, then relapsed into silence.

I waited a moment for him to resume, then remarked, "Interesting, Hemmingway, but I don't quite see the application."

"Oh, beg pardon! I forgot. Well, last summer I once or twice hired the boys to catch minnows for me; if there is one in the creek, they will find it. The girl is very good at it, too; she frequently carried my bucket for me last year, and followed me about like a dog;" and he laughed, rather queerly, it seemed to me.

I looked at him quickly. "How old is she?" I asked.

"Don't know; don't suppose she does; fourteen or fifteen probably. Goes barefooted, and dresses otherwise simply. One garment, I judge. She's not so bad, either, all things considered," he added, after a pause. "Sometimes I've thought that in different circumstances she might be as intelligent as—as the ordinary society girl." Hemmingway was a bachelor, and inclined to be somewhat cynical.

"Sort of an Arcadian shepherdess," I suggested. "I suppose you are a great prince to *her*."

"Possibly. I have generally given her what loose change I had. She didn't want to take it at first; but I threatened to deprive myself of her company otherwise, upon which she condescended to accept my bounty. We'll go down there and hire the boys; they can seine the run, and if they don't get minnows enough there, they can go to the river. You may see the girl if you wish, that is, provided she still exists. I haven't seen her myself since—" He blushed, and hesitated.

"Hemmingway," I said, "there is something back; tell me the rest of it."

"Well," he said, blushing still more, "you will be disappointed. It's nothing of any consequence whatever. One night last winter, when we were pretty busy, I was alone in the office writing some letters. By-and-by somebody knocked. I went to the door, and found one of those boys—the younger one—Tom, or Dick, or Bill, or something like that.

"'Hollo!' I says. 'What's up?'

"'Oh, mister,' he says, 'Sister Moll'—or Sal, or Lize, or some such name as that—'is dead sick, an' she jes keeps a-callin' an' a-goin' on about you; an' mam seed the light, an' told me ter come over an' see if you was here, an' would jes come over a minnit, 'kase she thought it might help Sal'—or Moll, or Lize, or whatever her name is.

"Well, I went over, and of all the hard places I ever was in, that was certainly the toughest. And right in the midst of it all, the girl down with a raging fever—no doctor, no medicine, no anything. Just as I got to the door, I heard her say:

"'Why don't Mr. Hemmingway come? why don't he come? The crick's a-risin', an' we won't get no minners.'

"I went in, and spoke to her; she seemed to know me, and got quieter. Then I wrote a note to Doc Baker, and sent it by one of the boys. Next day I sent the porter over with some clean bedding and a basket of fruit. She was all right again in a week; you can't kill that kind."

We walked down the road and descended half a dozen rude stone steps to reach the house by the arch culvert. An old red-faced, blear-eyed woman was sitting in the doorway, and a young girl was standing behind her. I caught a glimpse of her face, and judged her to be about fifteen, well-developed and not bad-looking. She caught sight of Hemmingway, and darted back into the room.

"Come out hyar, Polly, hyar's Mr. Hemmingway," said the mother as we approached.

Polly came to the door, blushing furiously.

"Polly's mighty 'shamed the way she done last winter," continued the old lady; and Polly hung her head so low that her face was entirely hidden.

"Never mind, Polly," said Hemmingway. "We know it's all right, don't we? Where are the boys?" he added, carelessly.

"Gone minnerin'," said Polly, weakly.

"That's just what we want. Tell them to bring a lot up to the store, and I'll give them half a dollar."

"Lor', Mr. Hemmingway," broke in the old lady, "yer mighty good, though the boys 'ud bring 'em fer nothin', I reckon. Bud aller says you saved Poll's life last winter. Bud jes thinks the sun rises an' sets in Mr. Hemmingway;" this last to me.

While the old beldam talked, I had been watching Polly. Her eyes had been fixed on my companion's face. Nowhere before or since have I ever seen such a look of absolute dog-like devotion as was in hers at that moment. Never have I seen a human face so illuminated with the light of love.

"Tell Bud not to let that worry him," laughed Hemmingway; "and, above all, not to fail us on the minnows. We want them for to-morrow morning, sure."

"Boys ain't got a very good net," meekly suggested Polly. "If they had a better net, they'd do better, I reckon."

"They can have mine," said Hemmingway, as we turned to go. "I'll set it out back of the store. If they don't have enough when they come in, tell them to come and get it."

We went back up the hill. Hemmingway was soon busy with a customer, while I loitered about the cool store reading the gaudy labels on the canned-goods boxes, and breathing the pleasant odors of coffee and spices. Going back to the hydrant for a drink, I glanced out the rear window just in time to see Polly slipping away with the minnow-net under her arm.

As I walked back to my office a little later, I noticed that the sky had a white hazy look, and the wind had crept round to the east.

We did not fish the next day nor the next. During the night a slow steady rain set in, and continued, broken only by occasional thunder-showers, for more than a week. Buck Run rose steadily and filled its banks, becoming really riotous during the hard showers, and quieting a little when they were over. Then the little river that skirted the town overflowed and backed up into the low ground. The Buck Run bottoms became a vast shallow sea, into which the current of the creek was merged and lost. The rock-filled road became a causeway, while above and below it the inhabitants improvised boats, rafts, and other nondescript water vehicles for which no possible name could be devised, and thus navigated their domain, or waded about in its peaceful waters, and were happy.

It was a new thing to me, and I spent considerable time watching them from the back windows of Hemmingway, Masters, & Martin's big store. My eyes frequently wandered to the little house by the culvert; but if Polly participated in any of these sports, I was not aware of it. Still it rained, and the backwater crept up higher and higher. It was within a few inches of the road, and within two feet of Hemmingway's basement. We calculated that it was from three to six inches deep in many of the squalid houses, most of which were elevated on blocks nearly to a level with the road.

"Why don't those people move out?" I asked of Hemmingway.

"No place to go," was the grim reply; "besides, they don't mind it much, I guess."

"But they will all die if this holds on much longer."

Hemmingway wrote on in silence. Perhaps he did not hear me.

It was near supper-time, and I turned to go. As I stepped out into the street there was a bright flash of lightning and a roll of thunder, followed by an increased downpour of rain. I went back into the office to wait until the shower was over. The lightning was very vivid, and the crashes of thunder followed each other with terrible rapidity. The rain fell as though it were trying to amend for the long drought. From the lighted office it seemed, between the flashes, to be pitch-dark outside, although it was not yet six o'clock.

By-and-by I walked back to the rear of the store, and looked out upon the water revealed by the almost continuous electric blaze. Then I came rushing back to the office in front.

"For God's sake, Hemmingway, come quick! The water is up over the road, and people are getting out of their houses. Some of them have no boats, and are on the roofs."

Everybody jumped from his chair and followed us.

"Come," said Hemmingway, "my boat is in the basement. I might have known this flood would do the business. If the dam were to break now, it would sweep things clean."

We rushed down the basement stairs, and laid hold of the rough box boat that stood in one corner. While we were getting it out, we could hear the water gurgling beneath the floor. Then the big side doors were thrown open, and we carried the rude craft out on to the wide shipping platform that was now but a few inches above the water.

The rain was still pouring, and the lightning was incessant. We launched the boat in the middle of the narrow street, that was now itself a mad river that added its yellow torrent to the rising sea. Hemmingway leaped into the boat, and two others started to follow.

"No; keep out!" he shouted. "There is only one pair of oars, and you would add extra weight. Bring a coil of rope, somebody, quick!"

One of the men ran back to the basement, and returned a moment later with an unbroken coil of rope taken hastily from stock. Hemmingway snatched out his knife, and cutting loose an end, tied it through a hole in one end of the box.

"Pay it out to me," he said, "and when I hollo, pull in."

Then he bent to his rude oars, keeping his boat in a line with the road, and pulling straight across that wild sea. By the white flashes we could see his powerful form and the miserable family on the house-top below the culvert. Suddenly I noticed that Polly had seen him too, and was pointing him out to the others. He was now near to the culvert, and was fighting with the current to keep his boat in the road. We knew that his object was to cross the channel there, for the current would be weak in the shallow water just over the arch. He would then pull until he was above the house, and let the tide swing him around against it, then we would drag them to shore.

In other parts of the bottom we saw people working their way out on the queer crafts that now stood them in such good stead. Others, less fortunate, were in trees, and some, like the family by the bridge, on their house-tops. We gave a shout as we saw Hemmingway cross the channel, and a moment later saw him drifting down upon the hut that appeared now more than a third under water. Then the torrent that was plunging under the culvert caught our slack rope, and almost pulled it from our grasp. We saw the four people climbing down into the boat, and heard, between the thunder-bolts, Hemmingway's shout to pull in. We felt the boat swing round with the fierce tide, and our united strength could hardly prevent its breaking away. Then, in the white flare, we saw a huge drifting log, with one black limb standing high above the water, bear straight down upon them and strike. There were but two seats in the boat, and Hemmingway was standing half erect. Then there was a second of blackness, and in the flash that followed we saw that Hemmingway was gone. Then another second of obscurity, and in the succeeding flash we saw that Polly's seat was vacant; then, a moment later, that she was clinging to the limb of a small sapling several yards below, and supporting Hemmingway, who was evidently unconscious, above the water.

It all happened so quickly that we had scarcely uttered a cry. We saw now that we could not drift the boat around to them, it having already swung out of the current into the slack-water.

"Haul in at once," I shouted; "then we will go after him."

Our load pulled much lighter now, and in a few minutes we had the two boys and the old woman on the bank. Hemmingway had dropped the oars, and they were still in the boat. I leaped in, and two others followed to assist me in getting him in. By this time our shouts had attracted others, and we had plenty of help and lanterns. I pulled the boat down the dead-water until I got even with Polly and her charge, then began working my way toward them. Each of the others had grabbed a broken board, and were aiding me what they could. It seemed as though we made almost no headway into that wild current. I had my back toward them, but one of the others shouted at last that we were almost there.

All at once I noticed with horror that our boat was nearly half full of water. Hemmingway was a heavy man, and it would perhaps not support his weight; it would never hold them both. Then I felt the boat tip, and heard one of the men shout: "All right; I've got his hand; let go of him."

I stopped rowing from sheer exhaustion, and the boat swung out of the current again into slack-water.

"Don't try to get him in," I called; "it is certain to tip us over. Hold him above the water, while I try to get back to the girl."

Then, in a moment of lull, we heard Polly's voice:

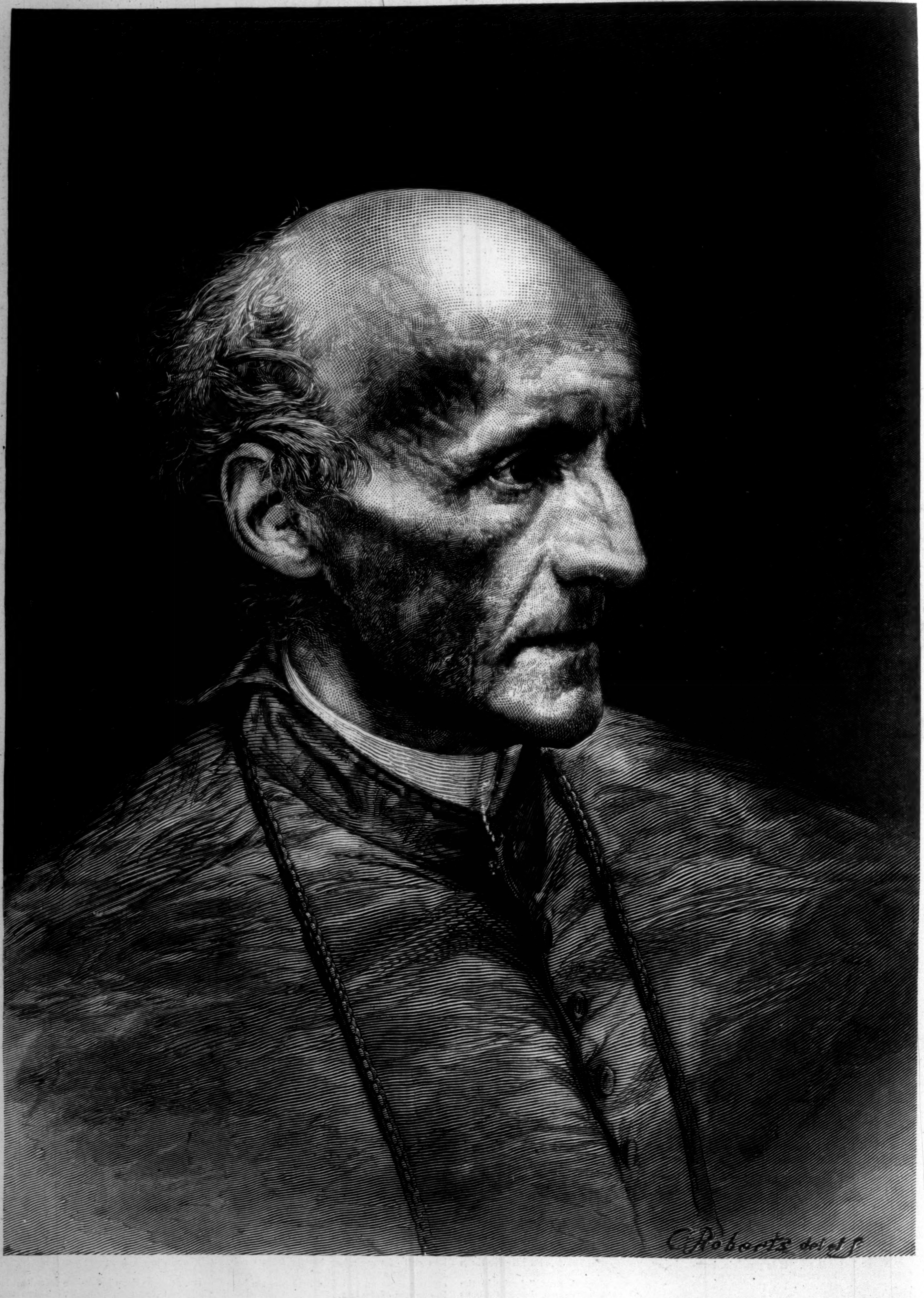
"Take Mr. Hemmingway to shore," it shouted; "never mind me. I can hold on till you come back."

There was nothing else to be done. To get back into that tearing torrent with our load and water-logged craft was impossible. I shouted to those on shore to pull in, and we towed our insensible burden slowly to the bank.

As we lifted him out, he showed signs of returning consciousness, and was carried at once into the store. We dragged the box up into the road, and emptied out the water preparatory to returning for Polly. Then, as we hurriedly shoved it back into the water, there came a sound that made our hearts stand still. Not as deafening as the crashing thunder, but a mighty and continuous roar that was growing louder and louder and *louder*. All who heard that roar knew what it meant. *The ice dam had gone out!* A moment later a wall of water four feet high swept down upon us, seething, foaming, and carrying everything before it, deluging us to the knees before we could get back out of its reach.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. The waters had partially receded, and daylight disclosed the scattered wreckage and a long gap in the road, where a portion of the rock fill had been swept away. A lot of birds were shouting themselves hoarse in the tree-tops, while others were flocking over the washed ground gathering food. Here and there were people in boats, and little knots of people were gathered along the shore talking in low voices, and searching eagerly for the lost.

It was some days before we found all the victims of that terrible night. There were six of them, and Polly's face was the most peaceful among them all.



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.—[See Page 79.]

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UTTLECOCK AT TUX

EDO.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 90.]

"PRINCE EDDIE'S" DEATH.

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

STRANGE indeed is the blight that appears to rest upon the first-born sons of the imperial and royal families of Europe. The list of princes holding the position either of heir-apparent or heir-presumptive to the thrones of the Old World who have been overtaken by premature death is one of considerable length, and includes the names of the Crown-Prince of Austria, of the Duke of Brabant, and Prince Baldwin of Flanders, of the Prince of Orange, the Czarowitz Nicolas Alexandrowitz, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince Imperial of France, besides those of many others. To these must now be added the name of Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The untimely demise of the young Prince on the eve of his marriage constitutes the partial fulfilment of a popular superstition current in England, according to which Queen Victoria is destined to outlive both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, and to be succeeded on the throne of Great Britain by a king bearing the name of George V.

Possibly it was just the knowledge of this widespread belief, coupled with the dread of witnessing the realization of the public premonition on the subject, that caused both the Prince and Princess of Wales to regard their eldest boy with sentiments of more than ordinary parental affection. Delicate from the very moment of his premature birth at Frogmore, he was always a source of particular care and of considerable anxiety to his parents. The Prince of Wales himself gave public expression to a feeling of this kind in 1879, in an address which he delivered on the eve of the departure of his two boys for their first cruise as naval cadets on board the *Bacchante*. His Royal Highness declared on that occasion that he thought so much of the navy, and had received so much kindness from that branch of the Queen's service in different parts of the world, that he had at first intended to make sailors of both of his boys. But he feared that the delicate state of his eldest son's health precluded that hope. Still, he trusted that his second son, George, who was sturdy, would carry out the traditions of the service, and make a good sailor.

Fortunately the seafaring life on board the *Bacchante* proved beneficial to Prince Eddie's constitution, and when, four years later, he took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, after having sailed round the world, and visited every portion of the vast British Empire, it was believed that he had in a great measure outgrown his former delicacy of health.

At the university Prince Edward displayed the same amiable characteristics which had endeared him to all those with whom he had been brought into contact during his life on board the *Bacchante*. And it must be borne in mind that qualities of no ordinary kind are requisite to win and retain the regard of one's associates in a position such as that occupied by the Duke-Prince. Young England is essentially democratic, and reverence for rank must be regarded as being the one quality that is conspicuously absent from its constitution. It was therefore necessary for the Prince, both on board ship and at college, as well as subsequently in regimental barracks, to steer midway between hauteur and that familiarity which is apt to degenerate into contempt. This he succeeded in doing remarkably well, and in such a manner as to win golden opinions from all with whom he was brought into contact, displaying in the matter much of that genial tact and considerate forethought which renders his father, the Prince of Wales, so deservedly popular.

Nothing could be more touching than to watch him with his mother, to whom he bore much moral and physical resemblance. She held, at any rate until the date of his betrothal to the pretty and winsome Princess May of Teck, always the foremost place in his thought and in his conversation. He surrounded her with the most loving attentions, and it was in her society almost alone that he appeared to lose that diffidence which was not one of the least attractive phases of his nature. He seemed to realize that she understood and appreciated him more fully than any one else, and that she at least would never be guilty of the error of attributing to lack of intellectual brilliancy a silence that was ascribable in the main to an unusually modest and retiring disposition.

Not that this timidity of manner ever extended to the length of in any way affecting his personal courage and pluck. That was beyond reproach, and manifested especially on one occasion in the saddle as a steeple-chase rider over an exceedingly stiff course at York. He rode his own horse, Scraptoft. There were numerous bad falls. But the Duke was more fortunate than his companions, and went over hedges, ditches, and walls in fine style, and without a single spill. He presented an amusing contrast to the other riders. For while they, every one of them, manifested intense animation and excitement, he retained an absolutely impassive demeanor from the start to the finish. His color never varied, and so imperturbable was his gravity that one might have been led from the aspect of his features to believe that instead of riding a spirited and difficult horse in a steeple-chase, he was seated at dinner with the Archbishop of York.

Much liked and respected by all who enjoyed his personal acquaintance, he recently developed into a popular favorite on the news of his official betrothal to Princess May of Teck being officially announced. Public interest and good-will towards the young couple were attracted by the knowledge that the projected union was a *bona fide* love match, and that it was Prince Eddie's constancy to his pretty cousin which had led to the failure of all the other matrimonial alliances which had been planned and negotiated for him. The names of Princess Helene of Orleans, of the late Princess Alexandra of Greece, of Princess Alix of Hesse, and of Princess Victoria of Prussia had all been put forward in turn as fitted to become the wife of the Duke. But he turned a deaf ear to all proposals, both of a dynastic and political nature, and remained true to Princess May, until Queen Victoria was finally moved to withdraw her previous objections and to give her consent to her grandson's betrothal to Princess May. It is with the latter that the deepest sympathy will be felt at the present moment. For she sees her lover stricken down on the very threshold of her long-delayed marriage, and is denied even the consolation of being permitted to wear for him the weeds of a widow.

It is the late Duke's younger brother George who now steps into the vacant place as heir-presumptive to the British crown. There was only a difference of two years between their ages, and until the Duke of Clarence went to the university the two brothers, though presenting the greatest imaginable contrast to each other both morally and physically, were inseparable. Full of vivacity, spirit, and go, he has always been regarded from childhood up as the *enfant terrible* of the royal family, and innumerable are the stories related of his wicked practical jokes and everlasting scrapes. The mere mention of his name in England is sufficient to cause the features of John Bull to relax and to develop into a broad grin. He is as noted for his facility of getting into mischief as his elder brother was for keeping out of it; and it is possibly this which has endowed him with a popularity among the masses that was withheld from the Duke of Clarence until the last few weeks previous to his death.

Moreover, England being essentially a maritime power, sailors hold a strong place in the regard and affections of their countrymen, who are ready to extend to seafaring men an indulgence withheld from every other profession. This, too, is no doubt accountable for much of the public favor accorded to Prince George. The latter will now, however, be forced to give up all further active service in the navy and to settle down on dry land. His life has now become doubly precious to his family as well as to the nation. Aside from the question of love and affection, there are grave considerations of a dynastic and a political nature which render it imperative that he should be prevented from incurring any risk, at any rate until he has married and provided one or more heirs to the crown. For were he to die unmarried, it would be his sister, the Duchess of Fife, who would assume his place in the line of succession to the crown, and the British people would be brought within a measurable distance of seeing a commoner, in the person of the Duchess of Fife's little daughter, Miss Alexandra Duff, styled Lady Alexandra merely by courtesy, seated on the throne of England. Were this ever to occur, the very foundations of the monarchy would be shaken, for the prestige attached to royal blood and royal birth, which forms the chief basis of the monarchical system in England, would become a thing of the past.

A MORNING AT A DISPENSARY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

EVEN when the health of the people of New York is in a normal condition, the dispensaries connected with the medical colleges and great hospitals are busy and interesting places. But when an epidemic like *la grippe*, which is now prevailing, is at its height, those who have charge of such institutions are really overworked. Mr. Reinhart, in his picture, gives us a sketch of the waiting-room of one of the smaller of these places on the east side of town. But in its arrangement it is very like many of the others. The most interesting part of a dispensary, however, is not where the apothecary dispenses drugs, but where the medical men and surgeons do their work. When a man or woman goes to a dispensary, he or she tells the clerk in charge of the register what is ailing. The patient is then given a ticket for the medical man in charge of the special branch where the particular kind of disease is treated. In every dispensary eminent specialists, who are also teachers, are employed to treat those who go there. It is therefore likely that at these free dispensaries better medical treatment and advice are given than are often received by people who employ physicians, but who cannot afford to get the very best.

It is not an uncommon remark, and one made more frequently, perhaps, by apothecaries than others, that patients at dispensaries are treated very rudely and roughly. Nothing could be further from the truth, as the surgeons and assistants are as gentle and considerate as possible. Apart from the fact that medical men, as a rule, acquire very gentle and kindly manners, it would be the poorest conceivable policy for them to so act as to deter the sick and afflicted from going to the dispensaries. Without patients to treat, it would be quite impossible to teach medicine. Again, it has been urged that these dispensaries deprive the younger medical men from much practice which would otherwise go to them. This is true to an extent; but the good that is done in an educational way quite balances this objection. It is also feared by some, who take a practical view of all charities, that free treatment of sick people has a pauperizing tendency. If those in charge of the dispensaries were indiscriminate in their action, this would no doubt be true. But they use a good deal of discretion. If a well-dressed man or well-appearing woman comes for treatment, unless the case be one of such peculiar scientific interest that it has great value as a study, the patient is asked whether he or she cannot afford to pay for treatment. If the answer be that a small payment is possible, the patient is given the address of one of the younger men connected with the dispensary, and told to go to him. And in the matter of medicines, these are not given away if the patient has any money to pay with. The charge for each prescription is ten cents, and sixty out of every hundred patients pay this charge. It is interesting to note just here that this charge of ten cents for each prescription, and the collection of only 60 per cent. of such charges, pay for all the medicines used and the salary of the apothecary. Ordinarily at a drug store 25 cents would be a very small charge for the simplest prescription compounded. With such a very large margin of profit, it is a wonder that more apothecaries do not become millionaires.

It is usual at these dispensaries to have a theatre where the head man treats the patients in the presence of the students. Each patient is examined by one of the assistants before being brought to the chief. If there is nothing of importance or of interest, the assistant attends to the case himself, and that is the end of it. But when there is anything serious or interesting, the history of the case is as carefully collected as possible by the assistant and communicated to the chief, together with a diagnosis of the disease. At the New York dispensaries it would be valuable for the assistants to speak every language extant, and be masters of some of those that are dead. The people who come for treatment are of almost every race under the sun. The inability to understand what patients say is often a very serious embarrassment. It is of more importance, indeed, to understand patients who are ill in an ordinary way than in purely surgical cases. A wound from an accident speaks for itself. I spent a morning last week at the surgical clinic of Dr. John A. Wyeth, at the New York Polyclinic and Hospital, a clinical school for graduates in medicine and surgery in East Thirty-fourth Street. This is a school for doctors who come to New York every now and then to burnish themselves up, and learn from the great specialists the newest methods of treatment and operation. As we passed through the waiting-rooms in which the patients were seated, the doctor went rapidly from one to another, with a kindly smile and sympathetic word for each. This one was sent to one doctor for examination and treatment, another to some one else, while still another was told to wait and appear before the class. And so all were seen and disposed of in one way or another. Then we passed into the theatre or lecture-room. It was an odd-looking class that occupied the chairs, which rose above one another in tiers, so that all could have a good view of the professor, who with his assistants occupied the centre of the floor. These were not ordinary young medical students just learning the first principles of the healing art, but they were experienced men, many of them graybeards, and probably grandfathers. This one had come probably from a mining town in Alabama; another from the banks of the Wabash; and another, perhaps, from far-away Santa Fe. Under the circumstances it was not necessary for the operating surgeon to explain what he did with the same minuteness which is needed when instructing undergraduates. And what was astonishing to a layman was to see how these men seemed to entirely lose sight of the individuality of the patient. They seemed only interested in the disease, and not in the person. It was the cancer that the surgeon cut out that was of importance to these spectators and not the poor woman at all. If it were otherwise than it is, the practice of medicine would be less beneficent, and more suggestive of indelicacy. There was one poor woman who arrived just after Dr. Wyeth had finished, and had taken off his white linen operating coat. She had sprained her wrist, and had had it put in splints a week before. She wanted the doctor to look at it. He cut off the bandages and removed the splints. The hand and wrist seemed all right. The woman moved her hand. There was no pain. She beamed with joy. "And, faith," she said, "I can work for the seven childers now."

"That's all right," said Dr. Wyeth; "but don't work too hard; and if you have to spank the children, you had better use the other hand."

Again the face of the poor woman beamed, and raising her hands, she asked for blessings on the good doctor and all that were his; and I suspect that if he had not beat a hasty retreat, his grateful patient would have folded him in her arms and rewarded him with a kiss.

The treatment of patients with the grip keeps the assistants at the various dispensaries busy all day long. The weather has been all in favor of the epidemic, which, as any reader of the newspapers has seen, has been very violent this winter, and no respecter of persons. Dr. Cyrus Edson, chief inspector of the New York Board of Health, has had exceptionally good opportunities to study this disease, and in the profession he has become an authority upon it. He does not think that it is at all likely that it will pass away with this winter. The conditions are not favorable to such an immediate disappearance of the epidemic. The short food supply in Russia and elsewhere in Europe, and the bad weather in this country, are mentioned as among the causes which will probably contribute to the continuance of the disease for at least another winter.

Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, Illinois, the physician who claims that his method of using bichloride of gold is a specific against drunkenness and the opium habit, has just announced that assafœtida is as absolute a specific for grip as quinine is for ague. "No person need die of grip," Dr. Keeley is reported to have said. "Not only that, but no one need ever be sick enough from grip to go to bed or quit his usual occupation. Assafœtida in doses of sixteen grains, administered four times a day, will completely break up the worst case of grip at any stage of its development. Not only will the assafœtida cure the grip in its primary form, but it will break up many of the complications arising from it."

This statement was shown to Dr. Edson. He said that the idea was unique, and very interesting. He thought that if he could find any one who would let him experiment, he should like to give assafœtida a trial. "It does not follow that because Dr. Keeley has made a great discovery in the cure of drunkenness—and that he has done so we can no longer doubt, for we have seen too many cases of apparent cures—we should have blind faith in his specific for the grip."

IN-DOOR RECREATION AT TUXEDO CLUB.

MR. REINHART must have found something particularly fetching in the combination of tea and athletic feminity to have ignored the many more blood-stirring sports at Tuxedo for the milder delights of battledoor and shuttlecock. The players here evidently have no intention of reaping even the more vigorous benefits of this game, or milady in the rocker, who appears so restful under the flying shuttlecock, would be fearful lest the dodging figures jeopard the safety of her tea-cups. With sufficient space, battledoor and shuttlecock may become lively enough to paint the cheeks of this statuesque young woman with nature's own bloom. It is, in fact, the primary form of Badminton, the game which has been taken up more or less extensively in the last few years. Outside of country clubs, however, where the women may be in search of a mild appetizer, and some few men find no more important demands on their time, it is confined almost entirely to the living-rooms of our homes, for the delectation of very young children and demolition of bric-à-brac. Badminton, on the other hand, has acquired quite some dignity as a winter pastime, and the two clubs in New York city have their quarters, with a number of courts laid out, and hold regular tournaments once or twice a week. A more attractive sight than a large hall covered with Badminton courts and filled with prettily gowned players, enhanced by comparison with the sombre shade of the sterner sex, is not to be found.

It should not for a moment be fancied that sport at the Tuxedo Club is confined to the excitement of tea-drinking and battledoor and shuttlecock. Quite the contrary; the knickerbockered and Tam-o'-Shantered young men and women are favored beyond the members of any other club in this country. They may in winter go ice-yachting, skating, sleighing, curling, and tobogganing; to say nothing of the conventional bowling, billiards, flirting, and gossiping. During the summer and autumn, in addition to the last two omnipresent diversions (the two nearest the feminine heart), there are fishing, sailing, shooting, tennis, and some of the very loveliest country in America about which to ride and drive.

The country club has become in the last few years a very important factor in the luxurious living of Americans. It has sought out the most delightful spots in our land, and, for setting, become surrounded by men and women of wealth and culture—two qualities not always found contiguous.

The original conception of a club pure and simple, where residents thought to have one common rendezvous for social entertainment, has broadened out into an institution furnishing every form of pleasurable recreation that money and the continual watchfulness of a board of governors can provide. Aside from Tuxedo, we already have Lenox and the Country Club of Westchester, while the various hunt clubs round about New York, Boston, and Philadelphia are gradually enlarging their original plans to meet the growing demand. The Westchester club has been probably more active than any of the others, and in consequence has quite a lead in provision for out-door recreation.

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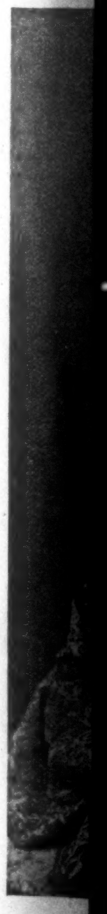


AMATEUR SPORT

THE ENGLISH FESTIVAL SCHEME, which has been given publicity during the past week by the letter (herewith printed) to Mr. Forbes, President of the Harvard Boat Club, is altogether too vague, too intangible, to form an intelligent understanding of what it is proposed to do, and how it is proposed to do it:

ST. STEPHENS CLUB,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, *Dec.* 17, 1891.

W. C. Forbes, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—The leading athletes (in England) are heartily supporting the idea and co-operating with me. The present president of the Oxford University Boat Club is particularly pressing that the Americans shall come in. I notice also that the leading Australian and South African papers heartily support this too.

It may be said that the athletic competitions proposed are already conducted singly. So they are, but only one of them is recorded at the time, and then it is half forgotten under the shadow of the next event. Supposing that a great competition could be held every three or four years, and that the winner in any department could be the champion of the English-speaking race, and that all the contests could be held in a comparatively short space of time, would it not give them much greater prominence and inspire the people with a stronger desire to gain a prize for their country or their colony?

The games would have a sort of international coloring, and the honor and glory of victory would count for more than they sometimes do in merely local sports. Such an institution would enable men to meet, and it would create a multitude of private interests and friendships, which would not be lost sight of or ignored, whatever the course of politics might be. It would keep the feeling of kinship among those who speak the same language and have inherited the same customs. It would strengthen that healthy liking of out-door sports, which the British have alone maintained in Europe since the Greeks degenerated. It would symbolize also to some extent that great ideal of the training of a nation, the harmonious discipline of the body and of the mind.

I am, yours faithfully,

[Signed] J. ASTLEY COOPER.

SHORN OF RHETORICAL EMBELLISHMENTS, it appears that the original intention of the Englishmen was to hold a carnival every three or four years, at which the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria might be gathered from their homes in Australia, South Africa, and India, to meet in athletic competition in London, the idea being to determine the champion of the English-speaking race in each event. As a second thought, America was suggested by some charitable Londoner as speaking tolerably fair English, and having some tolerably fair athletes. We do not learn from Mr. Cooper's letter whether or not entries are to be confined to amateurs. We assume such to be the case, however, as a matter of course, though comments which reach us in one of the newspapers to the effect, "it is supposed that the prizes should be not money," are rather disquieting. If there is any hesitation whatever on the question of giving money, the stamp of professionalism is at once acknowledged. Neither does Mr. Cooper inform us under whose auspices these "festivals" are to be held. The assurance that "the Prince of Wales has been interested in the proposed scheme" may be very fetching to Englishmen, but it is not sufficiently so to tempt us into any sporting picnics from which our dignity and athletic purity may suffer.

JUDGING BY WHAT HAS BEEN SUBMITTED, the affair assumes too much the air of a "scheme," an impression not dissolved by the statement that "shortly the whole matter will be laid before a powerful committee in London representing the whole empire." It may be, of course, we do Mr. Cooper and his plan injustice; but if so, it is because of the paucity of tangible facts in the correspondence we have seen. If Mr. Cooper's idea is an athletic contest confined to the amateurs of the English-speaking world, to be held under auspices that will give us full confidence in their ability to search entries thoroughly for professionals, we shall be happy to discuss the subject with him. But if it is to be a "festival," under the management of a "London committee," with no one to settle on the amateur status, or look after the practical and endless details necessary to such a huge undertaking, save the Hon. this and the Hon. that, with the Lord Mayor, or some other bedecorated worthy, as chief executive (who has not the smallest conception of the duties of the position, or the slightest intention to perform them if he had)—if this is the idea, then we beg to convey our profound consideration to the Prince of Wales and Mr. Cooper, and decline the honor with thanks.

We have been to Canada and had some slight athletic experience with the Hon. Mr. So-and-So.

AN INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CONTEST between the amateurs of England and America is something much to be desired; but that is no reason why we should be attached to the tail of Mr. Cooper's "festival" kite. The idea broadened and completed is a very good one, but not in its present setting. Great Britain has scores upon scores of athletes with whom we do not care to compete; we have a proportionate number of equally undesirable ones on our own shores. With very few exceptions, our best performers are college men, many of them undergraduates, some of them members of athletic clubs, and still participating in games. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the same is true in England. If the idea is to determine the champion of the English race, why drag in a lot of competitors from the four corners of the globe who would be outclassed?

We desire no connection whatever with the plan unless we are assured that none but the best element in amateur sport is to be admitted. If this is likewise congenial to Mr. Cooper, why should not the entire matter be handed over to a committee from Oxford and Cambridge to confer with a like committee in this country, with the understanding that outside of college men entries must be by invitation only. This would enable the well-known amateurs of both countries (who are not college men) to compete, and assure the world of a meeting of gentlemen.

AND THERE IS YET ANOTHER SIDE of this matter for the consideration of our English cousins. We do not propose to play the bass drum and cymbals in the British orchestra. We certainly shall not, in sport any more than in politics, permit ourselves to become a side show to any international tea party. We are always glad to share honors with whomsoever we meet in competition, especially pleased if that contestant comes from the mother country; but we do not follow any one. We should like to enter into some arrangement following out Mr. Cooper's idea of international competition, but why should we go to London always? As American entries would probably be quite as numerous as the English, and honors at least easy, why should not every other "festival" be held in this country? It seems that the wisest plan would be an international committee appointed from Oxford and Cambridge, to meet a similar committee made up from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. As the college men on both sides know the non-collegiate athletes whose entry would be desired, it would hardly be necessary to have delegates from the governing athletic bodies of the two countries. We have been wanting to row England for several years, but the month proposed by Mr. Cooper for this "festival," viz., June, would hardly do, unless both Yale and Harvard sent over crews, and settled their race, as well as that with Oxford and Cambridge, on the Thames. July is better.

WE SHOULD BE DEPENDENT entirely on Philadelphia for a cricket eleven, as none of our colleges have gone in sufficiently for the sport to develop a team at all formidable. That is a decidedly ambiguous compliment, by-the-bye, purporting to come from some of the English correspondence on this international athletic scheme, which declares America to have been invited to this "festival" owing, among other things, "to our games against Lord Hawkes's team of cricketers." Inasmuch as Lord Hawkes's cricketers was a second-rate team, and outside of Philadelphia had simply a walk-over, we can hardly be expected to take much flattering unction to our souls. It is too bad some arrangement could not be perfected that would permit of a football match. We should like to see that above everything. Having taken the game originally from the British college man, we fancy we could now show him football that would make him believe he had been standing still for the last dozen years or so.

If some definite plan is finally arranged between the sportsmen of England and the United States, why not include polo?

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of an international contest, it should be remembered that next year is the one of our World's Fair. There has been appointed a committee by the Amateur Athletic Union to arrange for a meeting on the grounds at Chicago, and to enlarge the championship of the United States into one that may decide the championship of the world. It has also been considered in college circles that the time would be opportune for an eight-oared shell race with the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge race. If this matter of an international athletic festival to be held every three or four years is to be taken up seriously, what more auspicious year to inaugurate it than that of our World's Fair, when the eyes of the universe are upon us. It is a time for prompt action if anything is to be accomplished, for a carnival of such proportions as the one proposed would entail tremendous work for its successful carrying out. As Mr. Forbes has been addressed in this matter, he should take it upon himself, if the ideas herein set forth meet his views, to communicate with Yale and Princeton, and when a plan has been definitely agreed upon, to propose it abroad. Such action will save time. Meanwhile we shall write Mr. Cooper for more detail.

THE IN-DOOR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Amateur Athletic Union, to be decided in Madison Square Garden next Saturday night, will bring out at least three close contests. These will be between Vredenburgh, Downs, and Christie in the 300-yard event, Nicoll and Shearman in the two-mile walk, and George, Hjertberg and Carter in the two-mile run.

Hjertberg has been showing a great turn of speed lately, and is especially good on boards. It rather looks as though, on his superior form, he should win it, but George is always a dangerous man, and two miles is his favorite distance. If he toes the mark in equal shape with Hjertberg, he ought to win, for he has greater speed. It would be expecting too much for Carter to win against these two, and yet his work in the 10-mile championships goes to show he may get back his old speed, though it seems hardly likely until he has gone through a season At all events, Carter is by no means the back number some have considered him, as he will very likely prove before the year is out.

IN THE 300-YARD EVENT, if Vredenburgh shows anything like the speed he did last fall, he will win. Downs has been training for several weeks, and is sure to turn up in shape good enough to make Vredenburgh run, as he did at Detroit last October, to win. If Dohm competes, he will take whatever middle-distance event he enters, and Turner and Downs will struggle for the rest. Turner will bear watching; he is going to do some great work this year. In the 300, Christie, M. A. C., is likely to be formidable, though he has not shown for so long there is no telling what his form may be. Two years ago he gave promise of making a fast man at any distance from 220 up to 440, but he went West, and has been practically out of athletics for a considerable length of time. He has returned recently, considerably filled out and stronger, and when he gets once again into shape, he should make some fast races. In the shorter walk, the contest will probably be close between Shearman and Nicoll; but the former ought to win it. It is only a question of time, when he has grown a little stronger, that he will be able to capture the two mile also, for he has certainly shown himself to have greater promise than any man on the track thus far. I have not taken Meeks, the reinstated professional, into consideration; nor shall I until we have seen what he can do.

HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON will each send teams probably; but it is so early in the season, that their form is a matter of speculation. However, it should always be borne in mind that Harvard will always, at any time of the year, show up in the best form; for no college has a trainer equal to James Lathrop. If Harvard sends her full strength, Wright or White may upset calculations in the middle distances, and Carr in the two-mile, though it is unlikely. It will be interesting to see what Fearing can do in the standing high jump against Wickerson, Hallock, Wiegand, and Edwards. Green, who holds the present record at pole vaulting for distance, is pretty sure to win that event, and may increase his record.

From Yale, Swayne is a good man in the sprints, and Wright in the half.

Princeton should do very well with Vredenburgh, Turner, Swain, Woodbridge (if he is back), and Ramsdell. Swain ought to make a very close fight for the sprints with T. S. Lee. Vosburgh, of Columbia, will probably not be seen in the half; but Church, of the University of Pennsylvania, may come over for the high jump, at which he is very clever, and could do infinitely better if some one would take him in hand. Trainer Turner will probably bring the University of Pennsylvania colors out more prominently this year than they have ever been. There is good material in plenty at the University, but it has never been developed. The hurdle events of the meeting will very likely go to the New Jersey Athletic Club, with Barnes and Puffer. Morrell is just now on the disqualified list, owing to competing in the Seventh Regiment games, and Copland has retired, so he says; but he will turn up. Lewis, A. C. S. N., is not likely to come over.

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB materialized last Thursday, when about one hundred college men met at Delmonico's and formally organized. The initiation fee and annual dues were placed at $50 each for resident members, though there is some talk of fixing the latter at a lower figure. Non-resident members, those living twenty-five miles away, pay an initiation of $25. Several hundred applications for membership have already been sent in, and it is safe to say the limit of one thousand will be reached before the club celebrates its first anniversary. In the mean time a suitable location for a temporary home is being sought, and so soon as the club is settled and running smoothly, plans for a permanent house will be prepared. Whatever the club does will be in the very best form, and while there will be no attempt at ostentation in a home, none in the city will excel it in appointment and chaste elegance.

SO MANY MISLEADING STATEMENTS have been printed in the newspapers about the Berkeley Athletic Club and its relation to the University Athletic Club that a few facts in the case will not be amiss. There have been many accusations made by the disgruntled B. A. C. members that are not worthy of consideration, and will not be given space here. Briefly, the case is stated as follows: A couple of years ago Messrs. Brooks, Mathewson, and many other college men joined the Berkeley with the idea of building up an athletic club, the membership of which might be entirely restricted to gentlemen. Every one put his shoulder to the wheel, and no club in the country had a more able board of governors. It was not long, however, before Messrs. Brooks *et al.* realized that the handicap was too great; that the very foundation of the B. A. C. was laid on lines antagonistic to the prosperity of a club; that, in fact, it was a club in name only. They therefore began the discussion among themselves of such a club as they had hoped to make the Berkeley, and this led eventually to their withdrawal, and the formation of the University Athletic Club—the many absurd things that have been printed to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE SUBSEQUENT ACTION of those left in the B. A. C. in attempting to start up an opposition club, under the name University Athletic Association, has been a display of very bad judgment, and equally puerile and silly effort to "get even." In the first place, to have disbanded the B. A. C. was an acknowledgment of weakness. There seems to be no reason why the B. A. C. should not have done as well in the future as it had in the past under its old colors and monarchical régime. In the second place, to attempt an opposition to the University Athletic Club was very short-sighted policy. Surely the new president and board of the B. A. C. could hardly expect to do other than follow in the wake of such men as have the new University Athletic Club in charge. Moreover, it's two to one the B. A. C. cannot legally use its new name. It's better to be a big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a big puddle. *Verb. sap.*

THE AGITATION AT PRINCETON for a crew will probably not result in their sending out an eight-oared shell; but it is very likely to be the means of stirring up a boating sentiment which may result in a permanent club and some barges. It would be extremely foolish in Princeton to attempt to put out an eight. There are no facilities at Princeton, and it would be impossible, of course, to put out a first-class crew by training on the canal, and impracticable to have a boat-house at Philadelphia. Whatever crew she might put out under such circumstances would necessarily find its level of competition with the smaller colleges; and as all Princeton's other teams are in the first class, it would be rather humiliating to play second fiddle on the water. There is, however, a great deal of good to be derived from this boating interest, if only worked in the proper manner. There is no reason why Princeton should not have a boating club, with several barges and rowmen every day, giving them just enough work to make it interesting, and to keep them nicely in form. It would not be the idea to have a training table, or even to prohibit the lesser indulgences, such as smoking, for instance, but to create an interest in the department that would strengthen and build up the men through the spring and summer months for the football campaign in the autumn.

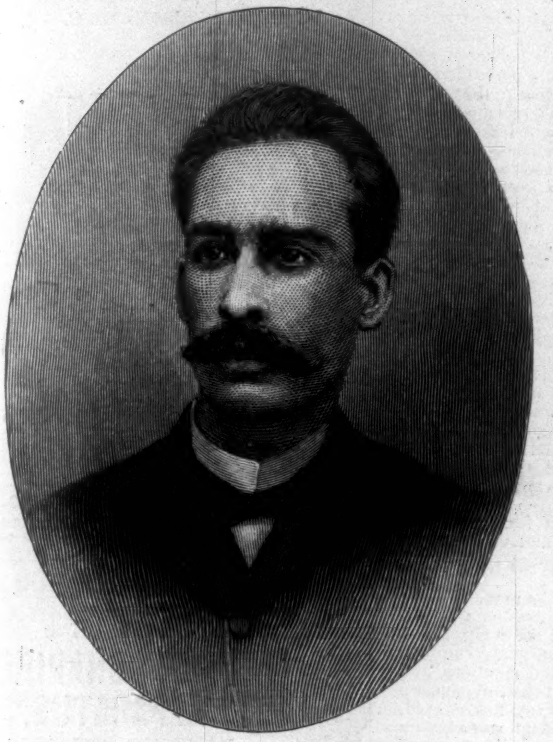
THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION for the Protection of Game held its annual meeting last week, and elected Robert B. Roosevelt President; Colonel Alfred Wagstaff, Vice-President; Wakeman Holberton, Secretary; and Thomas N. Cuthbert, Counsel and Treasurer. The official reports proved the Association to be in a first-class condition. The most gratifying information of the meeting, however, came from the Counsel, and showed that the game laws are being much better observed than in any time since they went into effect, while the suits on hand are progressing favorably. There is too little attention paid the great work of this Association; instead of aiding its efforts to drag the offenders to justice, proprietors of large restaurants appear to have little difficulty in blocking the machinery that should otherwise move on steadily to their conviction. All sportsmen should join this Association, and assist in arraigning every man who breaks the game laws. It's little enough to do for the preservation of our game. Evidences of selling game out of season will be thankfully received by any of the officers of the Association and by the editor of this department. No vigilance will be relaxed in the coming year to sustain the laws, and suit will be brought against every discovered offender.

THE HUNTING SEASON has closed roundabout New York, but for those fortunate enough to have an invitation to Aiken, South Carolina, the sport goes merrily on. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Master of the Meadow Brook Hounds, has a fine old Southern property at Aiken, where he has private kennels. He recently departed for the Southern clime with his hunters and private pack of hounds (entirely apart from the Meadow Brook pack), and was to have had his first run on the 11th. He intends making a good season of it, and may possibly do some experimenting in scents. All these little things go to show that the much-ridiculed (by the ignorant) riding to hounds is spreading in interest and binding its devotees more closely every year.

THE COMING BENCH SHOW is to have additional support from the American Spaniel Club, which at a recent meeting decided to offer several extra prizes, viz.: a $100 cup for the best field spaniel; a $100 cup for the best cocker spaniel; a $50 trophy for the best cocker spaniel stud dog with two of his get, and an especial cup for the best American-bred sporting spaniel of any breed. There will also be cash prizes from $5 to $15 for clumber spaniels of different ages; $15 for the best exhibit of four field spaniels from one exhibitor, the same for cockers, and several other awards in this class. Spaniels have attracted a great deal of attention in the past couple of years, and this club is composed of enthusiastic admirers of the breed who have done much for its prominence.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IN FULL CRY—A WINTER FOX-HUNT IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 94.]



CATARINO E. GARZA.—From a recent Photograph.

$300,000 REWARD.

It is a most curious condition of affairs on the Rio Grande frontier. Catarino E. Garza, with a force of Mexicans variously estimated at from forty to two thousand men, is moving from place to place in southern Texas to keep out of the way of United States troops, while a considerable body of the Mexican army is watching on the other side of the river and seeking to prevent any invasion by the bandits or revolutionists who are in Texas. Garza, who is said by Mexican officials to be merely a bandit on the outlook for plunder, dignifies his action by calling it a revolution. If he be merely a bandit, the Mexican government has taken rather exaggerated action in placing the price on Garza's head at such a high figure—three hundred thousand dollars. On the other hand, if he be in revolution against President Diaz and the established government, his action in starting his revolution in Texas and being hunted about by United States troops is, to say the least, singular. The fact of the matter probably is that he is a bandit who would like to stir up a revolution. Spanish Americans have a very natural taste for revolutions and conspiracies, and however hopeless a cause may seem, it is generally not difficult to enlist men in it.

Some of the correspondents who have written from the seat of war say that the Church is back of the Garza movement, and those who are active in it are influenced by their zeal for the Church and their resentment at President Diaz's oppression of the priests. Those observers who take this view say that the sympathizers with Garza are very numerous all over Mexico, and that many of those in the army would not only not fight against him, but would desert and join him if he once raised the standard of revolt on Mexican soil.

Garza is about forty years old, is tall, robust, and of fair complexion. He has light brown hair, and wears a heavy mustache. His eyes are brown, and over his right eye he has a scar on his forehead. He speaks English, and is pock-marked. It is well to know these things, for the reward of three hundred thousand dollars will probably never be gained without such information. We usually think that all Mexicans are small and dark, but this particular one is light and over six feet high. He has quite a record, and has "killed his man" several times. He was born in Matamoras, Mexico. He worked in a printing-office in Matamoras, but went to Brownsville, Texas, while still a boy. He attended the public schools there, and later went to the University of Mexico. After being graduated he entered the Mexican army, but was dismissed for gross misconduct, and to escape further punishment fled the country, crossing the Rio Grande to Palo Pinto. In Rio Grande City he shot and killed a political opponent. Two customs officials were also killed there, and Garza, together with a noted contrabandista, were thought to have committed the murders. At Laredo he became involved in a quarrel with certain followers of General Martinez, who was soon afterwards assassinated. By this time his reputation as a desperate man and one to be feared had become clearly established, and he was ripe for the rôle of a revolutionist. In the mean time, however, he had edited several small papers in Texas, through which he vented his hatred for President Diaz and the organized government of Mexico. He had also been a sewing-machine agent, and was for a time connected with the Mexican consulate in St. Louis, Missouri.

It was a year ago that his revolution began. Last summer he collected a little band of political refugees, contrabandista, and other types of lawless men to be found near the border, and crossed the Rio Grande to begin a career of robbery and pillage. At Mier he was met by a force of less than a thousand Mexican troops, and defeated. He escaped capture, and fled to Texas, where he was kept in hiding by his friends.

It is a mistake to suppose that his presence in Texas has been known to the United States officials, for he is "wanted" almost as much by the Federal authorities of this country as by those of Mexico.

The actual fighting done in Texas does not amount to much in the aggregate, though there have been several brushes between Garza's men and the United States troops. In one of these fights Lieutenant Langhorne, of the Third Cavalry, was shot in the foot, and so badly wounded that the foot had to be amputated. The Texas Rangers are operating in conjunction with the United States troops, but the great difficulties of the country assisted Garza in his efforts to elude his pursuers.

In Mexico many persons have been arrested upon suspicion of being Garza sympathizers, and some of them have been shot.

AMONG THE PRANKS OF THE FOOLISH

There is none more absurd than promiscuous dosing. For instance, inconceivable damage is done to the bowels and liver by mineral cathartics and violent vegetable purgatives. What these cannot do, namely, thoroughly regulate the organs named, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can and do. Besides this, it will prevent and eradicate malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, and la grippe. Use it with steadiness.—[*Adv.*]

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 A soft and tender dewy green—for grass.
Sometimes a pink my fancy too will strike—
 In lobster *purée* or a Sauterne glass.

Blue is a color too I greatly love.
 It's sort of satisfying to my eyes.
'Tis their own color; and I'm quite fond of
 This hue also for soft Italian skies.

For blushes, give me red, nor hesitate
 To pile it on; I like it good and strong
Upon the cheeks of her I call my Fate,
 The loveliest of all the lovely throng.

On golden yellow oft my fancy dwells.
 'Tis almost godlike as it sparkles through
The effervescent fizz; and wondrous spells
 It casts o'er me when coined in dollars, too.

Hence, friend, it is I cannot specify
 What hues particular my joys enhance.
I like them all; their popularity
 At special times depends on circumstance.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WINTER FOX-HUNTING IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.

Some men hunt foxes for fun, some for their health, and some for glory. The first reason is the best, and the last is the worst. There is abundance of sport in fox-hunting for people who really like it; it is good for the health of men whose livers are lazy; and there is even some glory in it for persons who prefer a sort of glory that is not too difficult to acquire. Men who begin by going out for their health are apt to attain in time to the more sportsman-like motive; but the men who are out for personal renown are the hardest to cure, and the easiest to get along without. The individuals who hunt in the winter in the Genesee Valley aver that a great recommendation of the winter hunting is that it is apt to be done from the highest sporting motives. In October the riders are many, often numbering fifty or more, and keeping up with the hounds means getting ahead of the crowd, and being duly noted and felicitated thereon. In October there are even two or three drag-hunts, out of which there is really not much else to be got but glory and perspiration, and which have to be worked for what there is in them, even by sportsmen of the worthiest aspirations. In October, too, it is often a delight to go out on horse and sniff the air, and take in the glory of the leaves, and smell the autumn in the fields and woods, so that a man is excusable for being happy on general principles, and neglecting to fatigue his mind with speculations as to whether there is a fox in Livingston County or not. But along toward the Thanksgiving end of November it is different.

The corrupting influence of the drag-hunts has worked out and off, the weather and the season have ceased to call for other attention than occasional disparagement, and the October crowd have gradually dwindled to a score of riders, which will be a dozen soon, and a broken dozen presently. Before it reaches a dozen, Thompson has ceased to exact spectacular fence-climbing from the quadruped Ahasuerus, and satisfies himself with getting across country by the most feasible course. It isn't worth while to risk Ahasuerus's legs when there are only two or three men near enough to see, and those few are too busy to look. Moreover, the meets are early these days, and foxes are plenty, and runs are sometimes exceedingly protracted, so that Ahasuerus is liable to need all his reserve for use in his business, with none to spare for display. For nature, which has compensations to fit almost all adversities, has this one for the fox-hunters of the Genesee Valley, that as the weather gets worse, the hunting gets better. Wet fields are bad to cross, but they hold the scent, and, what is more to the point, the young foxes are two months older in December than they were in October, and correspondingly tougher and more adventurous. Moreover, food is somewhat harder to come by in winter, and the daylight hours are clumped closer about noon, so that when foxes and hunters both are out by daylight, they are more likely to meet.

With winter hunting to describe, and a whole winter to chose a day from, the untutored impulse is to select a fine crisp winter day, with the mercury down in the teens, and a foot or two of snow on the ground. But the experienced reader knows that that sort of a day is the best for many uses, but not for fox-hunting, which in winter proceeds most advantageously in misfit weather, when the ground is not too hard for horses to gallop over, and the earth is moist enough to hold the scent. On bare frozen ground the scent will not lie. It will lie on snow, however; and there is often good hunting over snow-covered ground, particularly when the mercury is well up towards or above the freezing-point. Fence-jumping on frozen ground, however, is not an exercise that horse-owners are likely to covet so long as it continues to be as difficult as now to refit horses with forelegs. Winters in the Genesee Valley vary very much in the opportunities they offer. Some years there will be four or five possible hunting days a week for weeks together, and again the frost will take an early hold and keep it. The records of the hunt at "the Homestead," in Genesee, include tables which show the actual and possible hunting days for some ten years back. December, by these tables, gives an average of nineteen possible days; January, about twelve. About the 1st of February the hunting usually ends, but rather as a matter of convenience than for lack of the necessary conditions.

The objection to describing the run of the 12th of last December as a favorable instance of winter hunting is the defective wintriness of the weather; but inasmuch as unseasonable weather usually gives the best winter hunting anyway, it is more reasonable perhaps to go the whole figure, and take a day that is unseasonable enough to be perfectly fit for the purpose. Moreover it was to the credit of the Genesee Valley climate that it could produce so good a hunting day as that one in the middle of December. It was mild enough to make riding pleasant, there was no frost in the ground, and it came at the end of a mild week, so that there was actually no mud in the country roads, and few boggy places in the fields or woods. Mr. Wadsworth's hounds started that morning about half an hour before noon, with seven or eight couple in the pack; and followed by a dozen or more competent hunters, each blithely bestridden by a citizen of cheerful mind. A newspaper clipping, wherein the practical details of the day are recorded more accurately than in this narrator's memory, says that the M.F.H. was mounted on Friar, the whip on Sheik, Thompson on Ahasuerus, Briggs on Haggai, Hargreave on Cleopatra, Temple on the Curate, and so through the list. As for this narrator, who was tempted out for his liver's sake by the fine weather, he found himself borne with comfort and security on the borrowed back of Gyascutus.

The Oneida woods that morning were thickly carpeted with brown leaves, and were pleasant to ride through, but the only foxes that were to be found in them were two or three cubs which were visible through the cracks of a high board enclosure about ten feet square, which seemed to serve as a field nursery. It was cheerful to think of the luxurious life to which these sagacious young creatures were born. Protected thus in childhood from the weather and the inconvenience of an unappeased appetite, they will be turned loose when they get bigger, on some fit occasion, when they will run away from the hounds, and hide in one of the woodchuck holes, which are about as abundant in the Genesee Valley as the perforations in the top of a pepper pot. It has come to be almost an invariable habit for foxes in this region to retire to a woodchuck hole when fatigued by the chase, in consequence of which they live to green old ages, and afford their human neighbors an immense amount of wholesome sport.

That was what happened to the fox that was started that morning out of the sugar-bush woods. The whip viewed him as he was sneaking off, and a vigorous "Gone away!" put the pack in full cry after. There is a ravine in the valley called the Wheeler Gully, the sides of which for a considerable distance are too precipitous to climb down. For this gully the unscrupulous little animal earnestly sped, going the shortest way convenient, and taking no pains to avoid crossing fences or wheat fields. Over the brink of the gully he scuttled, with as many hounds after him as were able to be present. For the riders, there was only the choice of turning to the right or to the left, and following along the gully to a feasible crossing-place. Briggs and Temple turned to the right, and this narrator, thinking that they looked knowing, followed them, crossed the gully about two furlongs below, went up the other side, and hustled back and forth and up and down for an appreciable part of an hour without seeing man, horse, hound, or vermin of any sort. In due course of time, and by the aid of the huntsman's horn, there was a happy reunion of huntsmen, hounds, whip, and stragglers, and a rumor was circulated that the fox doubled in the gully, and being twice headed off, went to earth.

The next of that day's situations that the narrator can recall is waiting at the crossing of two glades in a wood, with half a dozen others, for the pack and the rest of the field to come by. It seems that one way of fox-hunting is to stick as close as possible to the hounds, and the other way is to know the country and what the hounds are doing, and be able to form an accurate opinion as to where they or any fox they may start will come out. The objection to the first method is that the hounds sometimes get away from you, and the trouble with the second is that even the most shrewd opinion is only an opinion, after all, and neither fox nor pack is under bonds to respect it. Sometimes it misses, and the waiters lose a run. One or two misadventures of that sort due to miscalculation are found to induce a great respect for the other mode of procedure. This narrator had acquired such a respect, founded on sore experience, and he had misgivings at the rate of two every five minutes during the half-hour that he sat on Gyascutus in the sylvan intersection and waited. A sandwich that he ate in that interval was palpably flavored with anxiety, and even a gulp of whiskey that was given him did not cheer him half as much as the sight of the hounds, which did turn up after a while, bringing the huntsman, the whip, and others behind them.

At this point, on complaint by the narrator that he had never succeeded in viewing a wild fox, Hargreave, who is a person of exceptional insight into matters pertaining to sport, advised him to stick close to the whip, whose express business it is when a cover is drawn to place himself where he can view the fox, if any comes out, and shout back his "Gone away!" to the pack and the field. It isn't always convenient to keep company with the whip, owing to his disregard of natural obstacles to locomotion; but realizing the sense in Hargreave's advice, the narrator made the effort, in which he had the benefit of Hargreave's own example, and was ably abetted besides by Gyascutus; the upshot of which was that about half an hour after the wait in the woods, the narrator found himself in a position to be greatly entertained by the actions of Hargreave, who, being some distance off at one side of the hounds and a field or so ahead of them, suddenly viewed a fox, and shouted and gesticulated in a manner wonderful to witness, riding toward the pack, and strenuously and vociferously endeavoring to have the hounds brought up and put on this fresh trail. Eventually they came, but that fox had disappeared on the river-bank, and was seen no more. There were two hours of daylight left still.

It was some time within the next half-hour that the narrator, still cultivating the propinquity of Hargreave and the whip, found himself speeding across country at a comfortable gallop, with exhilarated emotions, and shrieking "Gone away!" at the full capacity of his vocal organ. About two fields ahead, but in plain sight of all the field, was a brown streak that was making for a distant wood lot with exceeding haste. A field behind were the hounds, hot on the trail, and running fast. It was a rejuvenating spectacle, and it was protracted, with differences and changes, but with scarcely a check, and an almost continuous "view," over six miles of comfortable country. Gyascutus was well up to his share in it. Getting over a formidable-looking board fence at the start without so much as a sigh of disapproval, he took rail fences and board fences, ploughed fields, wood lots, and meadows as they came, with a confidence and good-will that warmed his rider's heart. Once a ribbon wire stretched along the top of a rail fence turned him out of his course, but only for a few rods, to a place where the wire skipped four or five feet, and left a feasible gap. "Spare him all you can," Hargreave shouted, mindful of the liveliness of the pace; but just beyond was the Black Creek wood, and there there was a creek, and a chance for a rest and a breather. It was indifferent to the narrator whether the hounds found that fox's trail again or not. Gyascutus showed some signs of being willing to stop; and as for himself, he was ready to call it a complete day, and turn towards home. But the pack, having no discretion, routed Reynard out again, and off they went once more. There was nothing for it but to follow.

Out of the woods, over some small matter of rails, across a little boggy meadow, and then there came a new rail fence, nearer five feet high than four, with a wood lot beyond it. There was little choice of panels, and little time to make such choice as there was. Hargreave put Cleopatra at it, and that alert mare got over as if she had been greased, clearing the top with her forelegs, but grazing it lightly with the rest of her shapely anatomy. Gyascutus followed; but alas for Gyascutus! Whether it was that his rider failed to give him a proper start, or that he slipped, or that he was tired, or for all these reasons, the cruel truth about it is that his knees landed hard on the top rail. The rail was big and new, and strong enough to hold up an elephant. It didn't break, as rails always should, and boards always do. It simply staid there. Gyascutus got over somehow, but he landed in a heap, with his rider in an adjacent heap, but happily not under him. Both heaps scrambled up, and the smaller one, very much dazed in his intellectuals, staggered around in a circle for a second or two, and then grasped Gyascutus's rein. Hargreave, who had stopped, called back, "Are you hurt?" and getting a satisfactory reply, hurried on, and saw the hunt end by moonlight half an hour later, when it got too dark, and the dogs were whipped off. But this narrator took his time, and sat down on a rotten log and meditated, and waited for his head to stop going round. Gyascutus stood quietly by, and seemed sadder, but not otherwise the worse for wear; but the narrator, when he came to inventory his anatomy, discovered peculiarities of behavior in his left arm which made him suspect what the doctors call a clavicular fracture. So he started to walk out of the wood and lead Gyascutus; but the wood was so big that he thought better of it, and mounted a stump, and crawled carefully up again on Gyascutus's back, and that docile animal thereupon moved patiently off in search of civilization. It was found about two miles off, with hospitality and surgery in the bargain; and Gyascutus passed a comfortable night, with due oats, and was sent home, eight miles off, in the morning.

There may have been better days of winter hunting in the Genesee Valley, with more foxes, longer runs, and a more satisfying variety of sporting adventure; but this narrator, in his limited experience, has never seen one, and cannot tell about it.

E. S. MARTIN.

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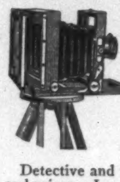

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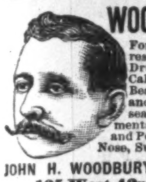

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